JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 9, 1939. VOL. LXVI. 1734

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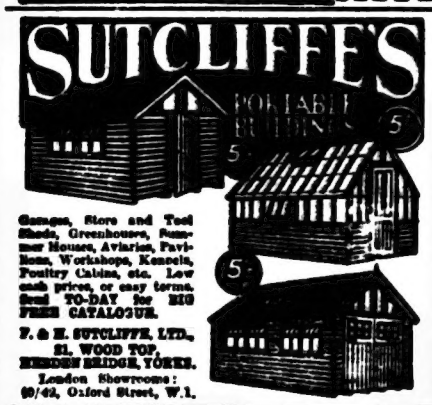

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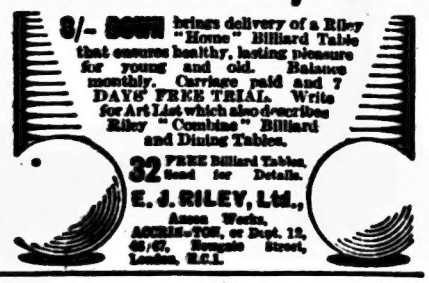

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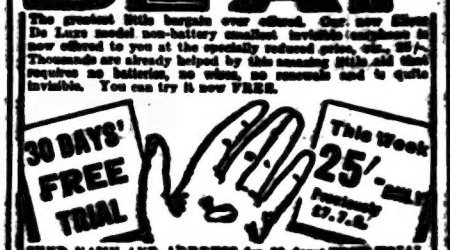

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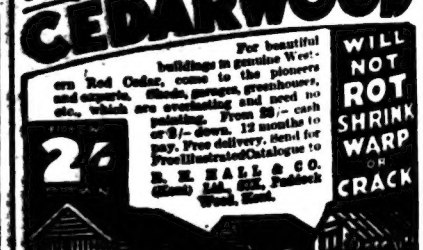

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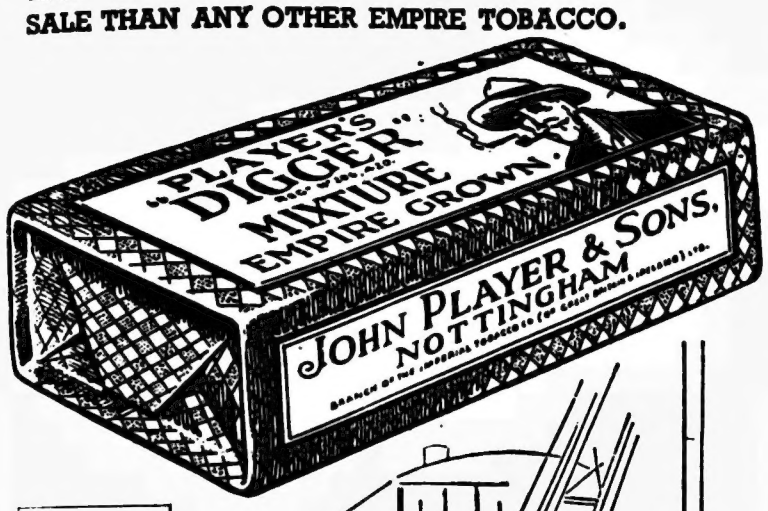

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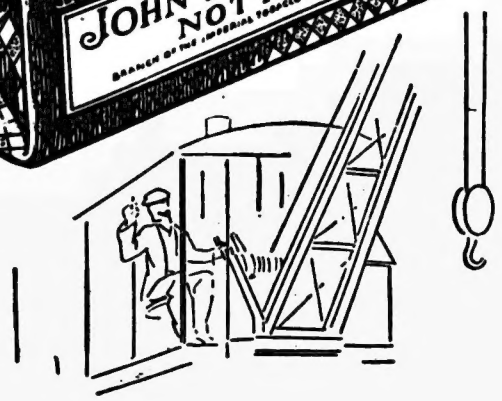

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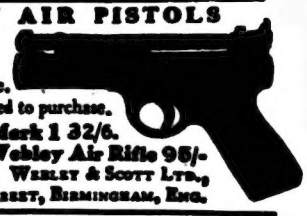

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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

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Worry and uncertainty upset the nerves more than anything else. Minor troubles become magnified and trifling details appear overwhelming. Your health begins to suffer. SPEEDY, CERTAIN HELP is at hand, however, in the shape of 'ASPRO'. It enables you to "let go." You can DEPEND ON 'ASPRO' to calm those jaded nerves—a feeling of peace and comfort results. You need no longer lie awake for long periods at nights—two 'ASPRO' tablets before going to bed will soothe you off into a deep refreshing sleep. Headaches, colds, rheumatic pains, etc., all disappear, too, like magic, when you attack them with 'ASPRO'. Freed from all these petty complaints you will find all your other troubles have miraculously faded away. You will be strong and confident again. Why waste valuable time?—buy a packet of 'ASPRO' to-day and start feeling well now.

You can DEPEND ON 'ASPRO'

to Calm your NERVES
Bring you SWEET SLEEP
Banish your PAIN-ILLS-CHILLS-HEADACHES etc.

FEVERISHNESS AND HEADACHES BANISHED

"The Mill,"
Moss Vale, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,
I wish to tell you my opinion of 'ASPRO' tablets, and that is—they are just the best things made or known for HEADACHES and MALARIA. I suffer with very bad headaches, getting very hot and uncomfortable, with a flushed face and temperature of 100 degrees and over, but three of your 'ASPRO' Tablets cool me and remove the flushed appearance from my face in a very few minutes.

'ASPRO' tablets are also a wonderful preventative for Colds and chills and are simply top-hole for the nerves. I am never without a packet and am continually recommending them to friends.—Yours faithfully,
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WONDERFUL HELP TO HEAD SUFFERER

91 Lambert Road,
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Dear Sirs,
I have wanted to write before and tell you what a wonderful effect your 'ASPROS' have on my father. He suffers quite a lot with his head, owing to nerves and fluid, and the only thing that can relieve him of his pain is 'ASPRO'. I know one day he was in a terrible condition. He seemed to swell up all over and as soon as I fetched his 'ASPRO' and gave him it he was instantly relieved.
Yours truly, M. COBLEY (Miss).

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Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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ASPRO

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CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

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E. A. G. writes from Greenford Park: "I have recently recovered from an attack of rheumatic fever and since returning home I have had a good many sleepless nights due to the pain in my limbs. I tried several supposed remedies but to no avail, until one day my husband brought home a box of 'ASPRO'. The result was astonishing. I took two the first night and had a much better night's rest and by the time I had finished the box, taking six per day, I was brighter in spirits, considerably relieved of pain and noticed a reduction in the joints that were swelled."

POST-OPERATION PAINS SOOTHED AWAY

13 Linden Avenue,
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Dear Sirs,
I must write and tell you what a Godsend your 'ASPROS' have been to my wife. Having had a serious operation about three months ago and still bedridden she gets terrible pains at times, but by taking 'ASPRO' with a cup of hot milk it sends the wife off into a couple of hours sleep which is a great relief.
Wishing you great sales, H. A.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
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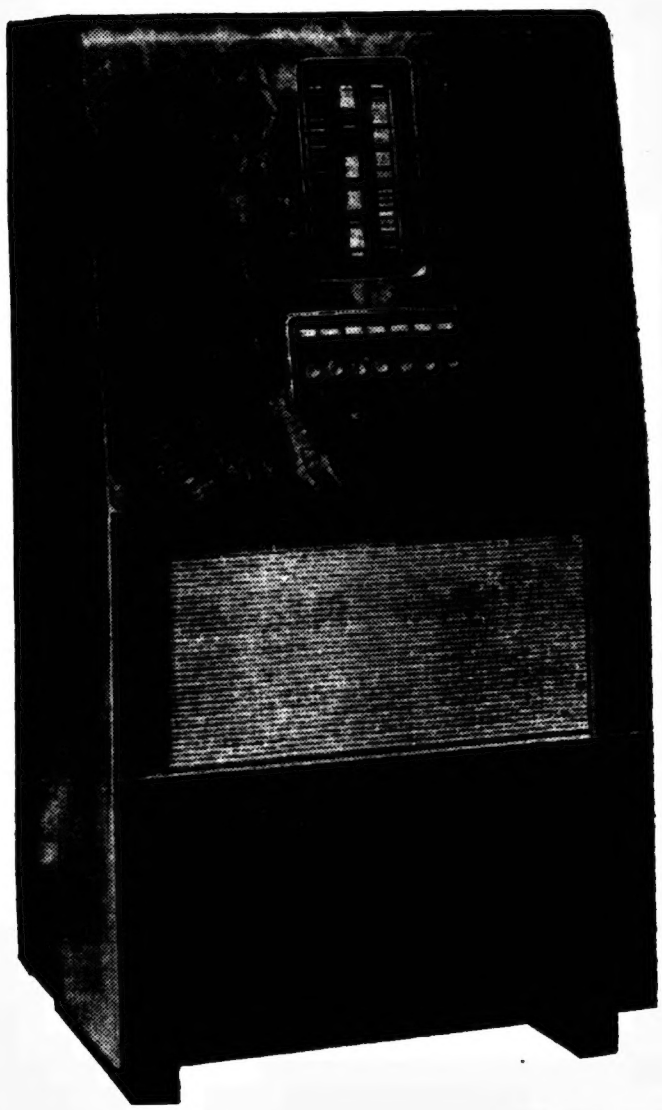
PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

It stands to reason says Christopher Stone



IN many homes — yours perhaps — it's quite a problem knowing where to put the radio. And it is to meet this problem of "standing room only" that the Console comes into its own.

There are lots of reasons, in my opinion, why this Bush console model is worth the very little extra that you have to pay for it. Looks — for one thing. And, of course, the Console cabinet does give you better tone.

But with their enthusiasm for Console models, Bush have not forgotten that the table model is still the choice of thousands. And I must say that the P.B.61 model (which houses the same chassis as the S.U.G.61) is not only fine value but an extremely fine radio too.

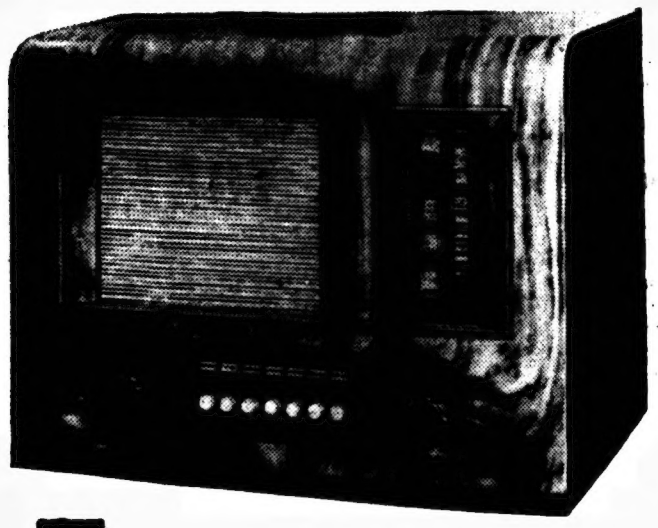
Both these sets, in spite of their low prices, are right up to the very high standard of quality that has built Bush's reputation for reliability. It is a reputation that's founded on facts — ask your Bush Dealer. And ask to see these two sets at the same time.

CONSOLE MODEL S.U.G.61 *(on left)* **11½ GNS. CASH**

TABLE MODEL P.B.61 *(on right)* **10 GNS. CASH**

or on popular payments

Specification of both models: — 5-valve (inc. rect.) six-stage All-Wave superhet for A.C. Mains. 6 tuned circuits. 7 Bush Buttons — 4 stations (2 Long, 2 Medium) and 3 waveband selectors. Station-calibrated dial for manual tuning. Alternative aerial sockets.



Bush

What Bush Buttons give you —

- **SPEED** — Stations tuned instantaneously.
- **ACCURACY** — Tuning remains accurate throughout the life of the set.
- **SIMPLICITY** — At the touch of a button you tune stations, change stations, change to or from manual control, change wavebands.
- **RELIABILITY** — Over a year's experience of Bush Buttons in actual use has proved their complete reliability.

Bush Appointed Dealers display this sign

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER ROAD, CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4. (For prices in Eire apply *Distributors for Eire:* R. Maths Ltd., 27, Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.)

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, *September* 9, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight From the Shoulder

Britain Stands the Test

WE have stood the test! The long suspense, the tremendous events of recent days, did not shake our people's calm and confidence.

There were the wickedest and most insidious attempts to disturb that confidence.

Rumours which almost shouted their foreign origin were spread throughout our cities—and were repeated, significantly, on foreign radio stations the same night.

Tell the Police!

But this most lethal kind of poison-gas has failed. The British people have discounted its fantasies.

There may be further attempts by the "Fifth Column" to sow alarm and misunderstanding. They, too, will be foiled by the simple sagacity of the ordinary man and woman.

JOHN BULL advises its readers to report to the police the name of any man or woman who is anxious to impart alarming "information."

Reason for Confidence

That traditional stolidity of our race was never better displayed than in the evacuation of children and invalids, and the resulting traffic inconveniences to millions of workers.

You saw it again at its best during the first air-raid warnings. And you can be sure that it will last throughout the days ahead.

Fortunately, too, we have practical reasons for confidence. . . .

Gaps were Filled

The gaps in organisation which JOHN BULL revealed before the War were, with few exceptions, remedied.

Mobilisation proved that Britain's defences had been brought to a pitch of efficiency and power that had never been known before. Our resources of men, money and materials are illimitable.

Above all, we have the will to attain peace—not peace at any price, but a peace that will at long last free the world from the fear of force.

Other Home Fronts

We shall say no more of Britain. We all know that the Home Front has remained sound. We know that nothing will make it crack.

But what of the other Home Fronts? How have the folk of other lands stood the strain?

Here, without bias, are the facts about the three Continental nations which most concern us.

On Short Commons

Look first at Germany, at the conditions there which lie behind the events reported in the daily Press.

When the German housewife sets out in the morning—and she goes early, because the shops are likely to be sold out before ten o'clock—she counts herself lucky to secure half a pint of milk, a little jam, and six ounces of sugar.

Substitute Eggs

Maybe she will get three-quarters of an ounce of tea, which must last her husband and herself for a week.

Though, of course, it isn't tea—just a concoction of dandelion and strawberry leaves and certain roots.

Eggs are unobtainable in most towns. However, there is a substitute made from vegetable substances and milk treated with pectine. It tastes as bad as it sounds.

Queue Grumbles

Of course, it wouldn't be so bad if she could get the rations announced last week. Nine ounces of sugar

The children go to safety. They, too, have stood the test. Now it's up to us to make a better world for them

a week, twenty-five of meat, two of coffee or its substitute—they would be highly acceptable.

But the unrest which broke out even in the Berlin markets last week was not due to the amounts of the rations, but to the fact that they couldn't be supplied.

That is why the police have not taken action against the grumblers who, courageously, have broken the silence imposed by years of fear.

Empty Roads

Not only is food rationed. There are no private cars on the roads, for petrol rations are meagre.

There is no toilet soap, except for infants under two. A tube of shaving cream or soap must last a man five months.

A special permit is necessary before you can buy underclothing, socks or stockings, sheets or towels.

Wages are Low

The cobbler may be able to repair your shoes if you're lucky. Real leather, however, is reserved for medical boots.

Even if you start your shopping early you will have to queue up. The radio announces that the queues are comprised of "Jews and a few stupid and hysterical Germans"—but the queues go on.

Prices are high. Wages are low.

The average skilled man earns 37s. 9d. a week, the unskilled man 29s. And a quarter of those wages must be sacrificed in "voluntary" subscriptions to State funds of various kinds.

Morale Cracks

It is easy to understand, then, the disorders which broke out last week. Naturally, too, the lack of morale which had been evident for months was suddenly increased by the realisation that war was perilously near.

Scores of agents were despatched to the affected districts. They assured everyone they met that "Britain is climbing down; we shall get all we want without war."

As we now know, they failed to prevent alarm and despondency spreading from the cities to the villages.

In the Dark

That is significant. For it is only in the cities and frontier areas that you will find Germans who are politically intelligent.

As a German banker told JOHN BULL a fortnight ago: "The ordinary British navvy has far more knowledge of world affairs than even the professional men of our small towns.

"Once my fellow-countrymen in the towns and villages begin to distrust their leaders, then anything might happen."

Our Allies

For contrast, travel next in France. There even the villagers have become politically conscious in the last few years.

"Better have war now than to give way," they were saying when Hitler and the British Cabinet were exchanging Notes.

All France, in fact, is facing the present situation in precisely the same spirit as you find in Britain.

They Can Take It!

There, too, as in our country, you will find no food shortage.

By last Thursday the lights of cities had become a glimmer; there were few buses and fewer cars; cafés were closing early and forbidden to serve drinks to troops—and everywhere was the unsmiling but unperturbed determination with which the French always face a crisis and which they will continue to show until the present situation is ended.

Excitement Mounted

Only in Poland did feeling run high.

"Death to Hitler!" cries in the street signified how the Poles prepared to fight for their independence. Which was not to be wondered at in view of Poland's memories of bygone centuries of subjection and persecution.

Profiteers Punished

Poland is still short of butter, bacon, coffee, sugar, salt and all tinned foods. Short, too, of small coinage.

Here and there in the towns there is a shuttered shop with a notice nailed up: "This shopkeeper was a profiteer. He has been interned."

Flowers were Spared

The trenches in Poland have been dug by women and boys—and by the Prime Minister himself. You will notice, though, that the flower-beds in the parks have been spared. . . .

Every private garden is open to inspection, for all walls and fences have been replaced by wire-netting to avoid concentrations of poison-gas. But few of the people have yet received their gas-masks.

It Is Plain

Here, then, are the moods and conditions of the four nations on whom the world's gaze is focused.

You do not need JOHN BULL to tell you that their struggle can have but one result.

Look behind the week's momentous events by reading—

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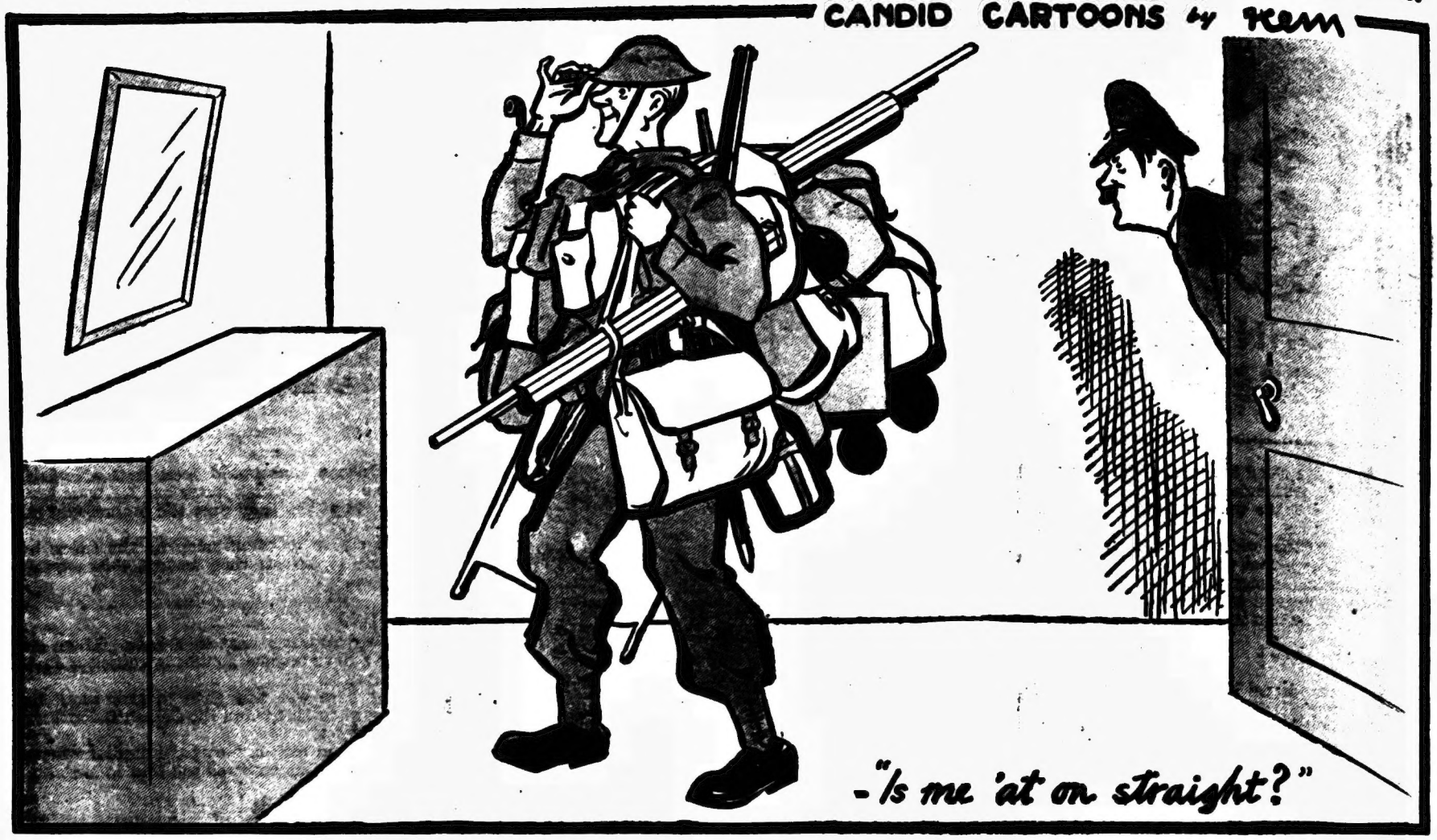


Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

BEWARE those reports of fresh split between Hitler and the German High Command.

Several such rumours in the past were designed to persuade the democracies to "go slow" in the hope of "widening the split."

Gloomy and incorrect "explanations" of the Berlin-Moscow agreement were designed for the same purpose. They have failed.

* * *

In the same way, you should discount rumour of widespread anti-war demonstrations in Germany.

There have, however, been open demonstrations in Essen and other industrial districts.

* * *

And we can now give you actual figures of Germany's shortage of commodities.

Despite the Goering Four-Year Plan, there is the following deficiency in home production:

Iron ore, 70 per cent.; lead ore 90 per cent.; copper, 95 per cent.; petrol, 89 per cent.; zinc, 36 per cent.; maize, 99 per cent.; eggs, 80 per cent.

* * *

MOREOVER, AS WE PREDICTED SIX WEEKS AGO, THE GERMAN HARVEST HAS BEEN VERY POOR. NO ATTEMPT HAS BEEN MADE TO GET IN THE RAIN-SODDEN WHEAT, THE SHORTAGE OF WHICH WILL BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST NAZI DIFFICULTIES DURING THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.

* * *

Britain, on the other hand, has placed large orders for Canadian wheat within the last week.

* * *

We can afford to buy. We have more than £500,000,000 in gold. Germany has only £7,000,000. Our £1 notes are backed by nearly 50 per cent. of gold. German notes have less than one quarter of 1 per cent.

Again, British investors have foreign securities worth £3,000,000,000—which could be used by the Government as a basis for credits or loans.

Germany has no foreign securities worth talking about.

* * *

Further sidelight: German Winter Help Fund had to give food, clothing, and money to ten million people last year. Coming winter is expected to bring even greater distress.

And it's on these facts, as well as military strength, that you have to assess German ability to stand a long war.

* * *

As for that Russian pact, Moscow's anti-Nazi broadcasts have unexpectedly become more virulent than ever.

And Berlin hasn't a good reason any longer for jailing its subjects who listen-in to Moscow!

DESPITE WAR PROBLEMS, A GROUP OF GERMAN MINISTERS ARE URGING A FURTHER SWING TOWARDS THE LEFT. AMONG THE LEFTIST MINISTERS—INCREDIBLE THOUGH IT SEEMS—ARE GOEBBELS AND THE POLICE CHIEF HIMMLER.

* * *

We were the first to reveal that many German 'planes were out of date and of little use as fighting machines. We can now add that 3,000 more are out of action owing to faulty materials.

* * *

Germany has only six weeks' petrol supplies in reserve.

* * *

Czechoslovakian fortifications, found by German troops to be "half-finished," had actually been partly dismantled by the wily Czechs.

Secret stores of arms are scattered throughout the country, ready for use against the war lords. Sabotage and ca' canny are increasing.

* * *

Czech secret society, a new Mafia, has agents everywhere. It sees that German armoured cars refuse to move—because of sugar in the petrol tanks.

It organises huge traffic blocks, which persist until German police appear.

Government forms are wrongly filled up, deliberately. Army milk lorries spill their contents on the roads. . . .

* * *

Even before Government order for A.R.P. mobilisation, local councils had called up their men. By midnight last Thursday whole system was "at the ready."

* * *

But, frankly, we consider it inadvisable to publish any other behind-the-scenes information concerning British high affairs. Our readers will agree with us, we hope, that the country's interests demand the utmost caution both in print and private conversation.

"With an air of cheerful calm," holidaymakers at Bognor set about the emergency task of filling sandbags

Without Fear or Favour

STORM-PROOF BRITAIN

WE are in the first days of another world war. There is only one man responsible, an upstart house painter, a garret revolutionary, Adolf Hitler, the evil genius of the Reich.

Our country has done all she could in honour do to avert this crime against humanity. Now, to the last atom of our strength we shall fight on to victory.

Germany had no reason to make war. She attacked Poland deliberately, and she did so in defiance of every warning and in contempt of civilisation's judgment.

Her troops marched blindly at the Fuehrer's orders. They have been told that they are fighting for the "honour of Germany"; instead they are being led to destruction to satisfy Hitler's "senseless ambition."

This is the crowning infamy of an infamous career. By craft and corruption, by violence and by fraud and on the overwhelming tide of circumstance Hitler came to power.

Germany was desperate, impoverished and on the verge of revolution when the Nazis first proclaimed the new idolatry. Hitler was its archpriest, the loudest voice in the blasphemous chorus that set the State above justice, above humanity, above honour and above God.

He and his Brown Shirts could never have won over the German masses except in such a mood of depression and reckless despair. A way was found to provide work for the workless and food for the hungry. There were so many of both in the Germany of that day that the miracle made the man.

Devil's Miracle

But it was a devil's miracle. In his last speech to the Reichstag, Hitler boasted of the untold millions he has squandered to make his country strong again. In fact, he solved the unemployment problem by turning Germany into an arsenal and forcing all his people either into uniform or into work for war.

It is useless now to deplore the world's forbearance during the years in which Hitler rose to power. He destroyed his rivals by mass assassination.

He gathered about him a multitude of young malcontents who would have been glad to swagger in any uniform, to march under any banner and to follow any leader where there was the promise of pay and the hope of loot and the chance to bully.

Cunningly and patiently he won to supreme office by popular vote and then made every vote a mockery. He has broken faith with the world, but he first broke faith with his own people.

Systematically and deliberately he destroyed their liberties. He broke up the once powerful and enlightened trades unions. He abolished the freedom of the Press and made every newspaper in Germany the tool of his vile propaganda.

He aspired, though never with complete success, to reduce the Catholic and Protestant Churches to an equal subservience. He ended free speech and destroyed the last pretences of parliamentary government.

Savage Tyranny

He filled the country with his spies and sent tens of thousands of honest folk to his infamous concentration camps. He persecuted the Jews, as other tyrants have done before him, to provide a scapegoat for his own wickedness and folly.

Savagely and violently he proclaimed a crusade against Bolshevism. And at last, within a few hours of the ratification of the Russo-German Pact, which branded him a traitor to his own beliefs, he plunged Europe into this terrible war.

It is useless now to recapitulate his hitherto "bloodless" aggressions and conquests, but, in every instance, he traded upon the universal horror of war. Adolf Hitler stands revealed as the greatest blackmailer that ever lived.

He has over-reached himself at last. The world will pay him no more ransom. For war itself is a lesser disaster than submission to the degradation which has already overwhelmed the German people.

Enough of Hitler. The men and women of these islands are slow to anger and patient under provocation, but when at last their righteous wrath is kindled it cannot be quenched until retribution has overtaken the offender.

No totalitarian state could have acted with greater promptitude and resolution than the great democracies have done in this hour of emergency. No dictatorship could possibly achieve the unity which exists among our free peoples fighting of their free will in the cause of justice.

Twenty-five years ago Imperial Germany flouted the conscience of the world and underrated the force of world opinion. To-day Nazi Germany has made the same fatal mistake with far less excuse.

She has no true friends and she cannot be sure of support in any quarter. Russia is an unknown factor in the European equation, but Russia is no more to be trusted now than Germany herself.

Italy has wisely chosen the path of neutrality. Mussolini has the powers of a dictator, but he also has the mind of a statesman. He can see that there is neither profit to be gained nor honour to be won by befriending the Mad Dog of Europe.

Japan has lost all faith in her German partner of the now discredited Anti-Comintern Axis. Spain is sick of war and disgusted by German perfidy.

The United States is ablaze with indignation. Technically it may remain neutral, but all its sympathies are with the democracies and its material support of their cause cannot be long delayed.

Fervent Prayer

As for the lesser Powers, there is not one of them that could willingly contemplate a Nazi triumph. Many, indeed, are forced to remain neutral while praying fervently for our speedy victory.

But, even were the world ranged against us instead of on our side, still Britain and France and Poland would fight on to victory.

We are girded for battle and prepared for sacrifice. We fight not for Poland alone but for our own salvation and for the preservation of all we hold sacred.

Whether this war ends swiftly or drags on through months and years of bitter sacrifice, we shall not count it won until we have broken the tyrant's power for ever.

Take heart, therefore, to fight the good fight. We have the mightiest Navy in the world, a great Army in being and a greater in reserve, and an Air Force of splendid men and superlative machines.

France, our old and tried comrade in arms, has acted in complete concert with us and no less resolved in purpose and prepared for action.

We Know

Our enemy marches blindly to one man's orders, but in every regiment there must be *some* men not wholly blind; in every German town there must be *some* who have felt the crack of the Nazi whip, and throughout the greater Reich the oppressed minorities and the subject peoples and the sullen, silent workers who remember their old freedom rebel in their hearts against this needless and horrible conflict.

We fight as free men should, knowing the justice of our cause and confident in our strength. We have immense resources of wealth and material, but our enemy has exhausted his credit and can draw only upon diminishing resources.

The battle is joined and we await its utmost trials with courage and with confidence.

Hitler has been called the "man of destiny." To-day destiny is overtaking the man.

Voice of the People

—and to show that the public, even in these tense days, can carry on with their everyday affairs, there is not a word of Crisis on this page.

Taking the Biscuit

My dog has found a pal. *An old crow.*

He walks round the garden with this friendly bird on his back—gives it the right to treat his kennel as home. In my picture the crow is asking for a bit of his dog biscuit. And he'll get it all right.—*E. Bates, Poplar Road, Penycae, Wrexham.*

A WOMAN has called at my house and asked for a photograph from which her firm could make an oil painting free of charge.

My mother refused, but the woman persuaded her to show a photograph of my sister, which she put in her bag without permission. Then she walked away.

Later, a man called with the oil painting framed in the middle of an overmantel, for which we were asked 30s. Refusing to pay, we were told that failure to purchase entailed forfeiture of my sister's photograph.

Unfortunately, we could not get the name of the firm in question.—James D. Thomson, 12, Richmond Terrace, Port Gordon, Banffshire.

If the circumstances are just as described, withholding this photograph is, in law, plain theft. We would welcome the name of the firm practising this variation of the old enlargement trick exposed in JOHN BULL.

Attack—and Defence

"The customer is always right," we are taught in business.

But not as far as the "Voice of the People" page is concerned.

Although the reader must have truth on his side at times, check up on a few back numbers and see how rarely you express complete agreement with a reader's views, and how often you use the words: "We don't agree."—Walter Rushworth, Parkway, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

We don't agree.

"Waiting Days"

Finding myself "surplus to requirements" in the employment exchange where I was a clerk, I am now on the other side of the counter. Instead of "signing 'em on," I myself am signing the register.

But I have had to wait nine days before I could draw benefit, whereas—as I learned in the course of my job—men straight from prisons and casual wards can go immediately to the office of the Unemployment Assistance Board and come away with an order for immediate payment.—R. A. S., Lancashire.

We are not sorry that men who are down and have to rebuild their lives should get immediate help, but what about the others? Intolerable hardship is often imposed by what is known as "waiting days."

No Change

Paying a recent visit to my native village of Rushton, Northants, I found that not a single house had been built there since I left it over thirty years ago.

I wonder if any other place can claim such a record?—Frank Higgins, 10, Manchester Street, Long Eaton, Notts.

Rushton, village, 3¼ miles from Kettering, consists of 3,231 acres, 407 people, railway station, post office, telegraph office. Northamptonshire changes more slowly, perhaps, than any other county, despite the progress of her boot and shoe industry.

Profit and Loss

I have just had an analysis made of a domestic cleaner bought at my door. Intended for fairly delicate work, it consists of three parts whiting to one of sand!

The stuff carried the same trade name as that given to a totally different line of goods which gives every satisfaction. — John Wright, Hartington Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

Certain goods ticketed half-a-crown are sold to the men who carry them from door to door at 8d. per dozen. How can they be compared with reputable articles sold at small profit by shopkeepers with a reputation to maintain?

The Contrast

I didn't mind being fined £1 for letting my lorry stand for half an hour in the street at Bodmin, Cornwall, until I looked at my paper and read that for a similar offence in Monmouthshire a motorist was fined 4s

Next paper I looked at was my JOHN BULL, which told me that motoring fines average £1,750 a day. And I didn't wonder.—A. J., Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Usual question of motorists to policemen on being told they will be reported is: "What does that offence cost in these parts?" Cyclists whose lights fail suffer from the same unjust disparities.

Simplicity

In recent sermons I have heard hundreds of un-understandable words, such as vaticination, ultramundane and catechumen—at least, that's how they sounded to me.

Is it a case of showing off?

Seeing that people don't take their dictionaries to church with them, give me the parson who can convey a simple message in simple words.—Alice Allton, Lime Tree Avenue, Hyde Park, Doncaster.

Greatest sermon of all, the sermon on the Mount, consisted almost entirely of one-syllable words.

Food Perils

No wonder danger lurks in the people's food.

Some authorities appoint unqualified sanitary inspectors. I know cases where the inspection of meat and other foodstuffs has been left to local shopkeepers, jobbing masons, etc.

Then many sanitary inspectors have to tread warily in pursuance of their duties.

I was once pilloried for having the temerity to condemn diseased meat. Fortunately, the Ministry came to my assistance, but my salary suffered in consequence. — J. W. Bateman, Plymouth.

Ministry of Health grants half the salary of a fully qualified sanitary inspector, but is powerless to stop the appointment of unqualified men where the local authority shoulders the entire expense—a scandal which should be remedied without delay.

A Good Idea

There are employers all too ready to get men to work four hours or more overtime in a day—no matter how many men may be employed.

There are men all too anxious to work fantastic hours.

Very well, then. Let the present cost of National Health and Unemployment Stamps be based on a 48-hour week, with a proportionate increase for a longer working week. There are sick and old and infirm people who could do with the extra money yielded.—W. J. Thompson, 19a, Blythe Street, Tamworth, Staffs.

Commented a Ministry of Health official: "One of the most interesting suggestions I've heard—but, oh! the complications of administration that would result."

Paying Way

What has happened to the old-time navvy ganger?

As a public works and building trade labourer, I remember when these gangers were invariably hard-swearing, abusive, bullying people who stood over you most of the day.

But to-day, although sometimes hard-swearing, they are friendly fellows, devoid of sneers or threats, who ask you to do a thing and don't demand it. And they get better results.—B. B. Pritchard, Mayworth, Middlesex.

Discouraging!

While on holiday the other day I narrowly escaped running over a cyclist thrown from his machine while passing over a trench which had been loosely filled with gravel.

To prevent a recurrence, I 'phoned the local authority. It referred me to the County Council, which directed me to speak to the divisional road surveyor.

He said, "Ring the road depot," and, doing so, I was instructed, "Get on to the resident engineer in charge of road works at the point of mishap."

At last I found out who he was, rang him three times unsuccessfully, and then, a little weary of trying to do a good turn, gave it up.—T. Jackson, Keith Road, Hayes, Middlesex.

Opportunist

"Man wanted," said an advertisement in a local newspaper. A box number was attached.

I found out, as a result of enquiries, that the person advertising was an out-of-work man who had found this easy way of getting a list of men who were dissatisfied with their jobs, so that he could make application for them.—Tom Ellis, Bradwell Lane, Wolstanton, Staffs.

Thank You!

I know a working woman who struggles to feed a big, strong husband and several children on a very meagre wage.

The other day her landlord called. Patting one of the children on the head, he said: "She doesn't look strong enough for my liking. Will a reduction of half-a-crown in your rent make things a little easier?"

A little easier?—why, I wish he could see what a big difference that small sum is making in the life of that family. —Mrs. Edgar Bonden, Newnham Murren, Wallingford, Berks.

We have many criticisms of landlords, but they are off-set by tributes like the above.

Staying British

I am British, and my Danish husband applied for his British naturalisation in May, 1937, receiving his certificate and passport in April, 1938.

But I am not finding things so easy in my efforts to become what I really am—British.

In January, 1939, the Passport Office notified me that matters were being attended to by the Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office.

Three months having gone by without my hearing a line from that quarter, I wrote in April, enclosing a copy of my original application. Another three months passed without any sort of reply, and I am still a Dane. —R. O., Preston, Lancs.

Snag is that, although a British woman automatically adopts the nationality of her husband on marrying an alien, she remains a foreigner when he naturalises unless she makes her own application.

One day a British-born woman will be able to remain British if she wishes, no matter whom she marries.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

GAMELIN—

The little man with the brilliant mind who is to-day the master of France's destiny

"GAMELIN says ——."

Every fifth sentence you overhear on the boulevards of Paris includes these words.

People get more confidence, more inspiration from him than from anyone since Napoleon Bonaparte.

Who, therefore, is Gamelin?

A little man with a mincing step who is to-day the master of France's destiny.

British people know him only as the genius of the Maginot Line; to French people his fame has firmer roots than that.

They know the full, brilliant record which has now placed him in the dual position of head of the French National Defence and Commander-in-Chief of the army.

As a junior officer he drew up a plan which Joffre accepted for the Battle of the Marne. "His plan was better than my own, and so I accepted it," said Joffre.

It was Foch who carried out that plan, and Foch paid one tribute to the man who was once his pupil which you have to be a Frenchman to understand.

"My left is retreating," he announced. "My right is in jeopardy. My centre is halted. Situation excellent. I attack."

Once it seemed that a German thrust to the Seine would lose us the war. How to stop the thrust? Both Joffre and Foch bent their heads in despair.

"We let them through with a feint withdrawal," said Gamelin. "And then——"

A feint withdrawal? Nobody had thought of that.

So the Germans were allowed to do what they were seeking to do, but more completely than they had planned. *And, therefore, without undue losses to the French troops.*

They penetrated, yes, but as Gamelin intended. And too far. They stretched their lines of communications just a little too far. They got their troops just a little too tired.

They outran their artillery. They overshot the mark at which they could rely on getting munitions, food.

The army of von Kluck ran its head into a bottle-neck. Thereafter, what fun the British Tommies made of his name, in song and verse. He became a British Army joke, this general who might have been great if he hadn't met a greater.

For Gamelin struck when the head of that army was firmly jammed. Struck with what? Joffre and Foch made it plain that they had no attacking forces to spare him.

He scoured Paris for his fighting material. He picked up men who thought themselves too old for fighting, and others who thought themselves too young. He found men in cafés, in bars. He found them everywhere.

Every bicycle he saw in the streets of Paris was his. Every car. If the owner protested, Gamelin invited him along, too. Buses, motor-coaches, taxis—oh! he put special value on Paris's creaking, groaning taxicabs.

How they rattled along, taking dotards and guttersnipes, sages and bar-loungers to the battle that proved one of the turning points of the Great War.

But how will you arm them? Gamelin was asked, when one of the strangest armies in history was on the way to battle.

HE armed them with the material he found on the battlefields, German rifles and French alike. You just picked up the first rifle you found and any old ammunition you saw about—and, if you found anything that would fit, you joined in the fray.

Any stick is good enough to thrash a man who is in chancery. Within four days von Kluck was beaten—and, as one of our army songs of the day recorded it, "all his something army."

Let us look at the victor. How unlike a Napoleon he is.

He has a small, schoolboyish face. His smile can be almost impish. Although he would attract attention by his smallness, he walks even more mincingly than you'd expect from a man so small.

He wears pointed shoes. And they call him "le petit poucet"—Tom Thumb!

France has actually found a General Tom Thumb who is really a general. And what great things she expects of him.

He does not disappoint his countrymen. He knows, by heart, every great military order ever issued in history—the circumstances that dictated it, and the result.

THERE ISN'T A ROAD ON ANY FRENCH FRONTIER THAT HE HASN'T STUDIED ON THE SPOT, REMEMBERING EVERY POINT ABOUT IT THAT HAS ANY MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE.

He carries a complete ordnance map of Europe in his head. He has planned every scheme of attack that could be employed against every known French objective.

And he has planned every action that could be adopted to make them fail. He insists on seeing every French officer of real importance—and, once having seen such a man, never forgets his name, his face, or where he fits into the scheme of things.

He still studies books on memory training, to make what you would think an already perfect memory even better.

EVERY night he learns a long slab of prose writing—365 slabs a year.

And, once learned, not a single word of any of these passages is ever forgotten.

He is cautious. He is emphatic. He is the most far-seeing general in history. He spends two hours a day studying the psychology of nations, because he likes to know what an enemy is going to do. He studies philosophy.

Said Joffre, after seeing his library: "If this comes from reading philosophy, it is time all generals were philosophers"

He knows the German mind from A to Z, and is glad they are better business men than generals. Gamelin says they are, for all the tributes British and French soldiers are apt to pay to German leaders.

He is never known to roar with laughter, save when he is reciting their mistakes.

He sneers at the German dictum: Always attack your enemy at his strongest point with the strongest forces at your disposal.

His answer to that is: Never have dictums.

And he has no politics.

Whenever he looks at a Conservative or a Communist, a rich man or a poor one, a professional soldier or a man who hates the idea of discipline, he judges him on one basis alone. On the basis of what that man would do for France when the need arose.

He was once asked whether he favoured the Right or the Left. He answered: "Both. *And* the middle. As long as they are France."

He is a great admirer of Britain—of our courage, our determination, our capacity for sacrifice. And that is not because he hates criticising us.

That, then, is Gamelin—General Tom Thumb. The man who laughs at mistakes of German generalship.

No general on either side in the Great War has come in for less criticism at the hands of other generals than sixty-six-year-old General Gamelin.

Both Foch and Joffre, who helped to teach him, saw in him the makings of something greater than themselves.

And that's good enough for France.

Foch and Joffre helped to teach General Gamelin. They saw in him the makings of something greater than themselves. At sixty-six he is the least criticised of all generals

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

Money-for-Nothing Myth Again

'Snowball' Queen Defies the Law

MRS. FLORENCE ILEY, dynamic little wizard of the snowball racket, has broken loose again.

Defying the heavy fines inflicted on her twelve months ago, she is, I am able to reveal, spoofing fresh victims with her fantastic money-for-nothing ramp.

Promised repayment of £50 for the loan of £10 is the most popular bait this time.

"Neither the Bank of England nor the Exchequer could afford such a scheme," declared Mr. Paley Scott, K.C., when Mrs. Iley was prosecuted. "In ten years," he added, "there would not be enough money in the world to run it."

He estimated that at the rate she was going this astonishing woman would, in seven years, require £475,205,000 to meet her liabilities!

Yet she has the cool audacity to restart the myth while she is still paying off her fines of £500 and £300 costs at £8 a month.

More than that, her bankruptcy examination is not over. The final meeting has been postponed until the autumn in the hope that she can produce some kind of ordered statement out of the chaos in which her books were found when seized by the police.

When Mrs. Iley was questioned by the Official Receiver at York two months ago she denied that she was running her scheme again.

Mrs. Iley . . . the most dangerous type of racketeer in this country

Under Her Spell

But I have before me one of her little cash books issued to a professional man in the mining town of Howden, in Durham, in April.

He paid her £10 and the promise to repay £50 in fortnightly instalments of £2 10s. is in her own writing. It is only one of many such books she has issued.

Scores of people in Howden alone have fallen under her spell and are just beginning to realise what a mirage the whole thing is.

In some cases considerably more than £10 was invested. Those who parted with £40 were promised £200 in fortnightly payments of £10. One man, I am told, handed over £200. The interest works out at 400 per cent.!

Mrs. Iley, whatever else may be said about her, must be an amazing saleswoman.

She descended on Howden when the police court exposure of her scheme was still fresh in the public mind. Yet in no time she was convincing various people—some of them hard-headed business men—that they could pick up this money as easily as winking.

As is her usual method, she secures an introduction through one victim to another. At Howden she met many of them at hotel bars, and over a drink made her system seem absolutely foolproof.

She is careful, though, never to disclose exactly how it works. "That's my secret," she always says.

Then she hands over the cheap paper-backed little cash book with the promise to pay the amount specified written in her scrawly writing on the back page.

Good Bluffer

In the front of the book are ruled columns for entering the repayments.

Payment of the first instalment has been made in all the cases I have looked into. But that is where the dream seems to have ended.

No more money came along.

Eventually some of the Howden people went to see their fairy godmother at her modest home in Glenville Crescent, Middlesbrough.

She turned out to be as good a bluffer as she is a saleswoman.

What on earth were they all worrying about? She had made it clear to them that the entire success of the scheme depended on secrecy. "If you will keep quiet," she said, "everything will be all right."

Her assurances appeared to satisfy some of her visitors, but there were a few who would not be put off so easily. They threatened to take action in the courts.

It was then that they saw the other side of the bland money-spinner.

"All right," she snapped, "get on with it and see what good it will do you. You'll simply find that you will be regarded just as guilty as I am in breaking the law."

Back they went to Howden realising that money does not grow on trees after all.

No doubt by now they also realise that behind all the mystery with which Mrs. Iley surrounds her fabulous scheme there is no secret.

It is, as Mr. Paley Scott acidly pointed out when Mrs. Iley was fined at Middlesbrough, merely the old vicious business of borrowing from one to pay another.

Mrs. Iley's customers included well-to-do people who had invested large sums, and thousands of poorer folk who clubbed together for one £10 share to secure the promised £50 return.

At one time, Mrs. Iley admitted in the Bankruptcy Court, there was £40,000 in a safe at her house. She said she did not know how much was hers and how much belonged to investors.

Twelve agents were employed and one of them confessed that he brought in £300 or £400 a week!

When the Official Receiver pressed Mrs. Iley to explain how she kept records of payments made she declared that notes were kept by her agents.

After a great deal of evasion she admitted that she had no full personal record anywhere of her transactions!

By the time the police stepped in the snowball had been extended to trading tickets purchased from big stores. One remarkable offer was a £200 motor car for £50.

Anyone who cared to deposit £50 with Mrs. Iley was promised the motor car in three months' time. But in that period they had to introduce three friends who would make similar deposits!

So the huge snowball piled up until, in desperation, the woman who claimed she held the secret, offered increased benefits to bring in more and more people so she could pay the earlier investors.

However ignorantly or foolishly she may have entered the scheme, she must have realised in a comparatively short time that it could only be by mere luck that any particular person would ever get paid anything like the amount promised.

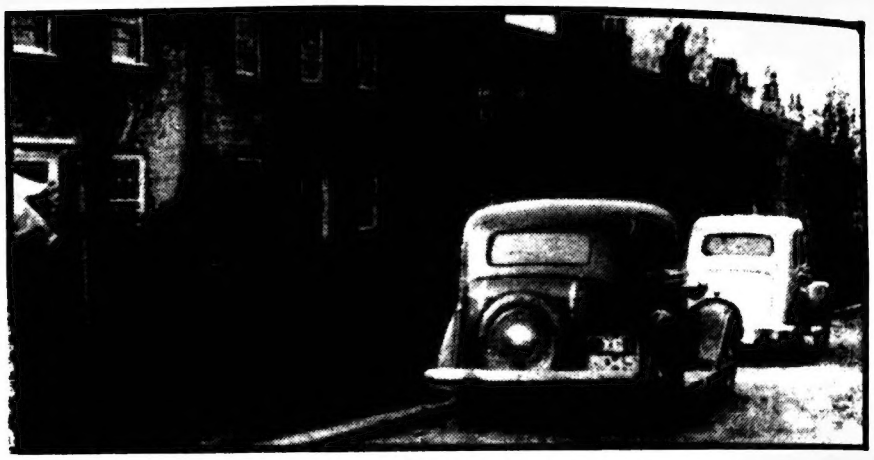
Out of Work

Some idea of the complexities of the business may be gathered from the fact that the police enquiries occupied six months. During that time 1,200 people were interviewed and 700 statements were taken.

To-day this extraordinary woman, now forty years of age, professes that her tastes are exceedingly modest and that she spends very little money.

That, of course, is all moonshine.

She is the most dangerous type of racketeer we have in this country and her lucrative game must be stopped.



Glenville Crescent, Middlesbrough, where Mrs. Iley lives

Public Benefactor

W. T. Cane, of 305, Westmount Road, Eltham, London, S.E.9, secures the £1 1s. this week.

Each week this amount is paid to the reader sending information considered to be most valuable.

Tell me of anything which you think needs investigation.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Let Him go Home!

UNDER the influence of older boys, Donald Reid, aged seven-and-a-half, stole a woman's handbag in Carlisle market.

His parents, who lived in a poor district, agreed that he should be sent to a special school at Melthorpe, and later consented to his being transferred to Dovenby Hall, Cockermouth, a mental colony for adults. He was the first boy to be sent there.

Donald's parents believed that he would receive training and discipline which would enable him to take his place in ordinary life, and that he would soon be home again.

Donald is now fifteen, and his parents have seen him only during the few odd weeks he has been allowed to spend with them on holiday.

Now, even that privilege has been stopped, and all that Mr. and Mrs. Reid are told is that their son "is still opposed to discipline and is disobedient and disorderly."

Yet, when he has been at home on holiday, Donald, tall and strong for his age, has worked willingly and well, helping neighbours in their gardens. One of them was surprised to hear that he was in a mental home.

This man, who had no reason for saying so if he did not really believe it, is convinced that the lad would be quite capable of starting his career in the world.

Again and again Mr. and Mrs. Reid have written to the Cumberland, Westmorland and Carlisle Joint Committee for the Mentally Defective, which controls Dovenby Hall.

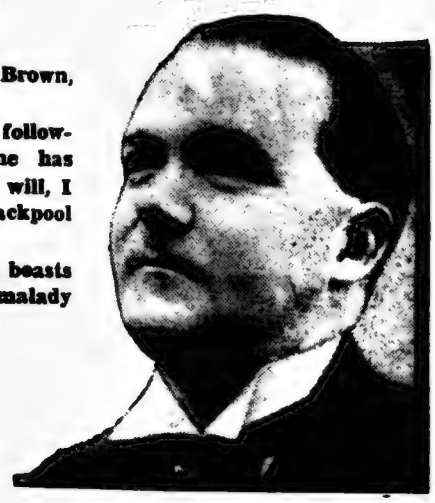
The answers they receive are meagre and formal.

References have been made to training, but never yet have any details been given of what kind of training Donald is receiving.

In any case, various people who have seen and spoken to him feel he could not be regarded as mentally deficient.

His parents feel he is now fit to be returned to their care, and they should be allowed to have him home.

Look Out For This Humbug!



HERE is a picture of Alfred Henry Brown, the North-Country quack.

I am republishing it because, following my recent exposure of him, he has deserted the Leeds market place and will, I have reason to believe, turn up at Blackpool and other resorts.

You'll recognise him by his arrogant boasts of being able to cure almost every malady under the sun, but this picture will help you to make quite sure he is the dangerous bluffer you should shun.

Preening himself as "The Miracle Man," he took 26 guineas from the husband of a poor woman whose eyesight he said he could restore. It was sheer robbery. The woman derived no benefit at all.

I did not spare him when I published the story. Shortly afterwards he turned up at the little village of Potto, near Northallerton, and when someone asked him if he ever read JOHN BULL he declared that he never saw "the —— rag"!!

He sees it all right, and that is why he fought shy of returning to Leeds.

I wish there were a law to stop him selling his nostrums anywhere.

As it is, he is able to trade on the gullibility of poor people. They are his chief victims, and he makes £50 a week out of them.

He has at times claimed to be a Harley Street specialist. Actually he hasn't any semblance of a medical degree.

What he never boasts about is that he was once a fishmonger and that he has been to jail for twelve months for perjury.

Sunshine Club Mystery

WHAT is the Sunshine Club? Residents of Sevenoaks, Kent, are puzzled about it. So are the local police.

Children have been calling at houses and offering small, scented picture cards to raise funds for the club. On one side of the card is a floral design and on the other the words: "In aid of Children's Outing Fund—Thank you."

Two little girls, not more than seven and five years old, told one householder that it was connected with the Congregational Church and that the money would be used to take children to the seaside for a day. They said the outing was being arranged by their Sunday-school teacher.

"No, mummy and daddy don't know we are doing this," said the elder girl. She explained that they had no collecting box. "*All of us* just knock at the door and sell the cards."

But nothing is known about any such club at the Congregational Church, nor did anyone know the woman named by the children as their Sunday-school teacher.

Since quite a number of kiddies were selling the cards it does not seem that it was a ruse to make some pocket-money.

Enquiries are being made by the police.

Let Him Beat His Own Gold

THERE'S gold in Bolton!

You don't have to dig for it. To make up to £4 a week you just have to beat it into leaf for Mr. Harry Woodward, who has turned an old stable in Elgin Street into a factory.

According to him, it does not much matter whether you are a navvy or a clerk. You can start beating gold right away.

Sounds too good to be true? That's what I thought, and when I got down to it I found it was not only that, but distinctly odd.

You see you have to lay out gold, or its equivalent in notes, before you can whack Mr. Woodward's gold into leaf.

The idea is that if you lend him £75 for two years he promises to employ you at £3 5s. a week. For each additional £25 you care to invest in this way your wage goes up 5s. to a maximum of £4 if you lend £150.

Mr. Woodward says he will pay interest of 6 per cent. per annum, less tax, on the loans.

Wonderful hours, too. Nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, and Saturdays and Sundays free.

No wonder I am receiving many inquiries as to whether I think the proposition is all right.

Readers who have written to me have been attracted by Mr. Woodward's advertisements in local papers.

Generally £70 has been the sum stated for guaranteed training and employment, but recently the offer was temptingly altered to £30.

One man who is in touch with me was one of a big batch asked to go along for an interview.

With the others he was shown to an office upstairs, which had apparently once been a loft.

They were all given chairs round a long table, and Mr. Woodward, a thick-set man about fifty and full of charm, explained that he required £3,000 to expand his business.

It was a chance in a lifetime for 100 men who could put up £30 each—on loan, of course—to secure training and a job beginning at 50s. a week and rising to £3 5s. in six months.

My informant pointed out that 50s. would not be much good as he would have rather heavy travelling expenses each day.

"Oh, that need not bother you," said Mr. Woodward. "Put up £40 and I can start you at £3 a week right away."

Someone asked if a job could be found for a man with one arm.

"Yes—if he can find the £30," was Mr. Woodward's prompt assurance.

Gold beating is a highly skilled trade, and the offer of such a good wage to those learning it seems contrary to ordinary business principles.

The money has to be loaned to Mr. Woodward without any of the usual safeguards, and the agreement lays down that no employee shall divulge or discuss the arrangement with anyone.

My tip is: Let Mr. Woodward beat his own gold.

Think twice about this War Insurance

REGARD with the *greatest caution* some of the schemes for mutual "pool insurance" against war risks to property.

Owners of houses, in particular, should be wary against a too ready acceptance of the face value of the literature they may receive from these new concerns.

Up to the present the companies, started to protect property owners on a co-operative basis, have acted with the best possible intent.

They are, however, attempting to do something for which the Government has failed so far to find a solution, and which the great insurance companies and Lloyd's refuse to tackle.

Glaring, obvious pitfalls *must lie* before any comparatively small compensation group—no matter how carefully it is administered.

Generally there are no funds to begin with.

Companies are limited by guarantee, with no share capital. They set out to create a fund by subscriptions from which compensation will be given to members in the event of war loss.

Members will pay according to the districts in which their property lies.

In addition, they will have to pay for registration and a small annual management charge.

Subscribers whose property is damaged or destroyed in the event of war will be paid compensation **according to the funds available.** Further, they will be paid only when the total liabilities of the companies are known, **which means at the end of war.**

Trustees of the Funds, in most cases, are to receive salaries which are subject to substantial increase if the total value of the properties insured exceeds a certain amount.

In some instances the premium rates charged are much higher than those estimated by responsible authorities who laid before the Government a national war risk insurance scheme.

The different charges, too, by these private mutual pools is illuminating. One company asks 15s. per cent. for London risk, while another is content with 3s. 6d.

And the trouble about all these various mutual compensation ideas is that no guarantee can be given of 100 per cent. payment for damage. That fact should be understood by all prospective subscribers.

Undoubtedly, in war time there must be a State-supported war risk insurance on property.

It will probably be on the lines suggested by the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, in which the initial payment was placed at 2s. per cent.

So, property owners, think twice about these private ventures!

Make a Note of Them

"THE WANDERER" is another stable companion of Hannaford MacIntosh's make-believe periodicals, and is used to fool tradesmen and others to pay for blocks to illustrate useless boosts.

It is in the same office in Rolls Passage, Chancery Lane, London, E.C., as "The Social Register and Court Circular" and "Countryside Outlook."

Part of the racket also is to sell advertisements and persuade people whose trades are dealt with to buy a number of copies—and that comprises the circulation!

* * *

A mean woman cheat is robbing old people who live in almshouses.

Neatly dressed and well spoken, she is about forty, and introduces herself as a friend of the warden. She contrives to be left alone in the living-room and then steals the small sums of money which these old folk usually keep in a vase on the mantelshelf.

While one old person at Greenwich was picking some flowers for her she stole £2 10s.

* * *

Great triers, these men who feel you simply *must* earn money by spare-time work at home.

Star Knitware Company, of 28, Webbs Road, London, S.W., is the newest to come to my notice.

There is the usual request for 16s. for the first supply of material with some vague undertaking that it will be refunded when you give up the work.

It's an old, old story.

* * *

Burgin and Company, of Lambs Conduit Passage, Red Lion Square, London, W.C., is the title now being used by E. Donnallon, share juggler.

In recent letters he says the business he wishes to handle is in no way connected with shares. He explains it is a "straddle" in base metal copper.

Whatever it is, Donnallon still wants people to send him money, and he makes the same preposterous claim that £10 can make £50, and so on.

He generally does all the "making," so have nothing to do with him.

* * *

Ronald Stewart, the eyesight quack, who is now at Chatham, appears to have given the impression that he had started proceedings against JOHN BULL in connection with my revelations about his business.

He has done nothing of the kind.

"Ronald Stewart," by the way, is simply a business name. It was registered by Joseph Israel Abrahamson, of Alexander Court, Wembley.

I repeat that people will be very foolish if they entrust their eyesight to concerns of this kind

Open Letters

To Men of the Crisis

Firm, but restrained, he represented the attitude of all Britain

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Prime Minister

DEAR SIR,—Not even your bitterest political opponent has ever doubted the sincerity of your desire for international peace.

Nor can there be any criticism of the mingled firmness and restraint which you showed in the delicate negotiations of the last few weeks.

You represented, in your earnest striving to avoid conflict and your determination that no threat of conflict should be tolerated, the attitude of every British man and woman.

For this we can all be proud of you.

Now that those efforts have failed you have greater reason than ever to be proud of our fellow-countrymen.

Perhaps more clearly than yourself, I know how they are facing the call to arms.

You see only the cheering crowds. I watch them as they go about their ordinary tasks.

And I know, by their speech as well as by their letters to me, that they are resolved to do their bit in ridding the world of tyranny.

Never before, not in 1914 or those black Spring days of 1918, have we all been so single-minded and purposeful.

More eloquently than your solemn words to Parliament last Friday, plainer than our armed defences, the public's coolness has demonstrated to the world our inflexibility and our strength.

In the newspapers of a dozen nations that attitude has been noted and applauded. The lie that we had become a spineless and spiritless people has been exposed; henceforth there can be no doubt of British power and British character.

We shall go on with the task we have shouldered until all our aims are accomplished. We shall not cease until the threat of reckless might and barbarity is ended. We shall remain true to ourselves.

Our war is not against the German people but against their leaders, who, drunk with power, have blinded them to the full horrors of Armageddon.

Our cause is just. We are strong. It is your duty to weld that justice and that strength into one determined bid to make the world safe for Peace.—JOHN BULL.

EDOUARD DALADIER,
Prime Minister of France

DEAR SIR,—In her gravest hour, France has produced one of the greatest men in all her long and illustrious history.

That is not rhetoric. I know that you—the baker's son who prefers simple speech to the flights of oratory — would consider rhetoric an insult.

But it is a plain fact that in fourteen months you have brought a feeling of calm determination to a dispirited, and divided people.

And the supreme testing-time from which your people are emerging found them united as never before and strong enough to face any threat with confidence.

While steering them through a succession of political crises, and though there had been three million foreign troops facing your frontiers since last June, you had gone on amassing war stocks and making your army impregnable.

So that, by the black Sunday of August 27, you had three million of your own countrymen under arms, had cleared civilians from the Maginot Line area, had requisitioned every industry necessary for national defence, and were sending civilians away from Paris.

I admire that feat of organisation. But still more do I admire your resolution to do everything possible to avert war and secure peace with honour.

I respect the sober warning you issued in your letter to Herr Hitler: "If French and German blood should flow again as it did twenty-five years ago, in a war still longer and more murderous, then both nations would fight confident of victory. The real victor, however, would be destruction and barbarity."

And I am glad that the Fuehrer's answer agreed with this plain truth.

Above all, I rejoice that our people have stood shoulder to shoulder throughout these momentous times, and will tackle the problems of peace with the same co-operation and confidence with which they faced the prospect of war.—JOHN BULL.

IGNACY MOSCICKI,
President of Poland

DEAR PRESIDENT,—I speak not as your admirer, not as one of your allies, but as an impartial observer.

And I say that the behaviour of your people has deserved every tribute paid to them.

Their restraint when subjected to almost intolerable provocation, their willingness to negotiate even when their national rights were being abused, won the respect of half the world.

Now, when open and ruthless war is being waged against them, their courage and resourcefulness call for our admiration.

We give it to you unstintingly, as we give you the utmost support of our armed forces.

We honour you for your nation's refusal to cower before the onslaughts of invaders; we remember that, though invaders of bygone centuries seemed for a while to be triumphant, Poland has always risen again.

Your nation and ours are resolved that never again shall Poland or any small nation be brought into subjection. And nothing shall defeat our aim.—JOHN BULL.

JOSEPH V. STALIN,
Moscow

DEAR SIR,—You have the power to sway the balance in favour of a real peace. I believe that the world will not look to you in vain.

Silent, watchful, keeping always in the background, you have kept the world guessing for a long time. Even now we do not know all the implications of your astonishing alliance with Germany

But we all realise, even though we may not agree with your political aims and methods, the immensity of the task on which you are engaged.

And we are certain that you have no wish that this task of building a modern and highly industrialised Russia shall be interrupted by war.

We must, therefore, suspend our judgment on your pact with Berlin until we know the full facts. We must believe that you do not intend it to create a new complication in the complex European situation. Even though I cannot pretend to endorse your attitude, I respect you as a man.

I remember that it was Lenin himself who first called you the Man of Steel, that you were jailed thirteen times, flogged into unconsciousness, exiled to the Arctic Circle, and yet returned to rule one-sixth of the entire world and to command an army of fourteen million men.

Nobody, therefore, can doubt your determination.

And I hope that if a world conference is called to seek an end to the nations' grievances you will not merely agree to take part, but will employ all your shrewdness and resource in making it a success.—JOHN BULL.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
Washington

DEAR PRESIDENT,—Beaten time after time by Congress, faced with the breakdown of your New Deal programme, grappling with the expenditure of £2,600,000,000 in a single session, you could not have been blamed if you left faraway Europe to stew in its own bloodied brew.

Yet neither difficulty nor rebuff has deterred you from your purpose.

Although Hitler had ignored your memorable appeal of last April, you wrote to him again when the new Crisis enveloped us.

You urged the King of Italy to intervene; you supported the Oslo Powers' plea; you put forward three suggestions for ending the German-Polish dispute.

Even more courageously, you have sought unfailingly to secure the sympathy of your great people for the Peace Powers' standpoint

For all your efforts, sir, I offer you my thanks and congratulations.—JOHN BULL.

ISMET INONU,
President of Turkey

DEAR PRESIDENT,—Though the public's memory is said to be short, the British people will long remember your part in the Crisis.

There were fears, a fortnight ago, that you would withdraw from the Peace Front because of the German-Soviet pact.

You had always been pro-Russian as well as pro-British. You had guaranteed to hold the Balkans for the Peace Front only on the understanding that Russian help would be forthcoming.

So it would not have been surprising if you had backed out

But you had given your word "Britain will find us A loyal ally," you said in July. And you proved that loyalty last week by answering the blandishments of Herr von Papen with the curt announcement that Turkey would remain faithful to her engagements.

Britain is grateful.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.,
Deputy-Leader of the Opposition

DEAR MR. GREENWOOD,—Through you, Labour has spoken more impressively than ever before in its history of struggle and accomplishment. So impressively, indeed, that it needs no comment from me.

You will be proud, I know, that it was to a member of your Party, Mr. Herbert Morrison, of the L.C.C. that most of the credit must go for the early evacuations last week.

The mothers of Britain will be grateful to him.—JOHN BULL.

What effect will "
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inconvenience, rea

YOU'RE living a new
new rules, new oblig
And its success d
to keep to the spirit

This article is intended to help
you about the simple, vital thing
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known as a "ring paper."

This will look like a Post Office S
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in which the P.O. stamp is placed

No Hardship

Now, what about food? Rationi
mean no hardship whatever. Duri
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during the intensive German subm
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QUEUES OUTSIDE THE
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Greatest

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have begged for help.

That is why we ask readers to li
the typical case of Mr. Edwin Ho
and then send us every penny th
spare.

Persistent ill-health and une
ment have wrecked Houghton's a
to keep out of debt.

He and his wife, who has
trouble, have three children to s
One is seriously ill.

Houghton is an ex-Service ma
joined the Army in 1908.

He was wounded while in Pa
Still anxious to serve his coun
joined the Territorials.

This man has only unempl
benefit on which to struggle alo
owes about £7—most of it for
treatment

What effect will "Dora" and the other new regulations have upon you? To save yourself trouble and inconvenience, read this article

They're not downhearted. But they need all the support you can give them

HOW TO KEEP IN STEP

YOU'RE living a new life now—a life with new rules, new obligations.

And its success depends on *your* ability to keep to the spirit of the rules.

This article is intended to help you. It is intended to tell you about the simple, vital things in your home life.

Forget the scare stories of the last few months. There's a job to get on with. . . .

There is likely to be uncertainty over billeting. What have you to do? What have you to provide?

A billeting officer will make a preliminary inspection of houses and buildings and allocate the number of soldiers—officers or men—who are to be accommodated.

Payment for the billets will be made through the Army or Air Force units, and payment will be made regularly without fail.

If the troops are drawing rations, then you will have to provide—if asked—facilities for them to cook their food.

Rates of payment for troop billeting will be clearly stated at the time the rooms are taken over for occupation.

No woman living alone in a house without a male relative will be compelled to take in troops.

Evacuation billets are organised on the same principle, but for them payment is made through the Post Office.

The Post Office, too, will pay separation allowances to the wives of men called up for service. Wives will receive—from a Service pay office—what is known as a "ring paper."

This will look like a Post Office Savings Bank book with a space for the cancellation of each weekly paper, and a "ring" in which the P.O. stamp is placed.

No Hardship

Now, what about food? Rationing will mean no hardship whatever. During the last war there were shortages of commodities—notably sugar and butter—during the intensive German submarine campaign on shipping.

QUEUES OUTSIDE THE FOOD SHOPS WERE COMMON. THERE ARE NOT LIKELY TO BE ANY NOW. WE HAVE LEARNED OUR LESSONS, AND OUR UNTOUCHED RESERVES ARE IMMENSE.

Defence of the Realm regulations *must be rigidly observed.* It is easy to forget some of them now, but it will be easier still as new rules are issued from time to time. The whole of our existence will — quite properly — be D.O.R.A. ridden. Everyone who sets himself to understand the purpose of these new rules will be rendering a great service to his country.

It is now an offence to carry out any sort of wireless experiment. You may not—except by special permission—have a camera with you in any "specified area." Such areas are numerous, and it is better not to attempt amateur photography except at home.

It is a breach of D.O.R.A. to keep any homing or racing pigeon except on a permit granted by a "competent authority."

That is because all the homing and racing pigeons are needed for emergency communications. They are on the active list for immediate Army work.

Life-Saving

Remember, if you find a dead pigeon with a message attached to its leg, it is your duty to take it to the nearest police station. You may save lives by doing so.

In case of air attack you must be ready to give up your premises for refuge purposes.

If necessary, the district in which you live may be declared a closed area. Then no person, other than specified classes, can remain there.

If there is a raid, obey your warden and try to give every possible help to A.R.P. officials.

One point should be emphasised: a warden has no legal powers beyond those of every other citizen. He does not rank as an officer of the armed forces, nor as an officer of the law.

He cannot compel you to take any action or insist on entering a house, although, of course, you would be foolish not to take his advice on anything relating to A.R.P.

If he wants to enforce any regulation on an unwilling subject he must call a policeman.

Your Pets

Possibly A.R.P. wardens may soon be sworn in as special constables. If that happens, they will be able to compel your obedience.

In case of fire, local officials may enter your land and your buildings. They may order the total destruction or the removal of anything in or on or over the land if necessary to prevent the spread of the fire.

Auxiliary firemen of the A.R.P. have the same powers as members of regular fire brigades. They may do anything they consider necessary to extinguish fires or save property.

During any air attack animals will become terrified. They may easily endanger human life in their terror.

That is why you should see your pets are not kept anywhere likely to have repeated raids.

It is far better to have them destroyed. It is kinder. Full arrangements have been made in every district for their painless destruction if the need arises.

Beware of talking to friends too much about military matters. D.O.R.A. says you must not communicate to anybody, or publish, or have in your possession any document which may give information about any of the Crown Forces, ships or aircraft.

On Guard

This applies also to any operations of the Forces, measures for defence, and the manufacture of munitions.

There will be many listening posts, and it will be foolish—perhaps harmful—to talk and write on military subjects. The censorship will be complete, and it will apply in detail to the letter post.

Be on your guard, especially when letters are sent abroad—even though they may be to close relatives. Naturally, a ban is put on any attempt to communicate with a person who may be assisting an enemy country.

But remember more than anything else that D.O.R.A.—all-embracing as she will become—is a necessity in war time. She must be obeyed gladly.

She will restrict your amusements, your hobbies, your domestic affairs. She may even—as in the last war—forbid you to buy drinks for friends in any licensed house and restaurant.

Sometimes you will find the new restrictions confusing. You may ask what is the purpose of it all.

The answer is simple—to protect you, your wife and your children.

Greatest of These

FOR some time the Greatest of These Fund has been more generous than it can afford, because it is heart-breaking to refuse the stricken families who have begged for help.

That is why we ask readers to listen to the typical case of Mr. Edwin Houghton and then send us every penny they can spare.

Persistent ill-health and unemployment have wrecked Houghton's attempts to keep out of debt.

He and his wife, who has heart trouble, have three children to support. One is seriously ill.

Houghton is an ex-Service man who joined the Army in 1908.

He was wounded while in Palestine. Still anxious to serve his country, he joined the Territorials.

This man has only unemployment benefit on which to struggle along. He owes about £7—most of it for medical treatment.

Will you help this child's father?

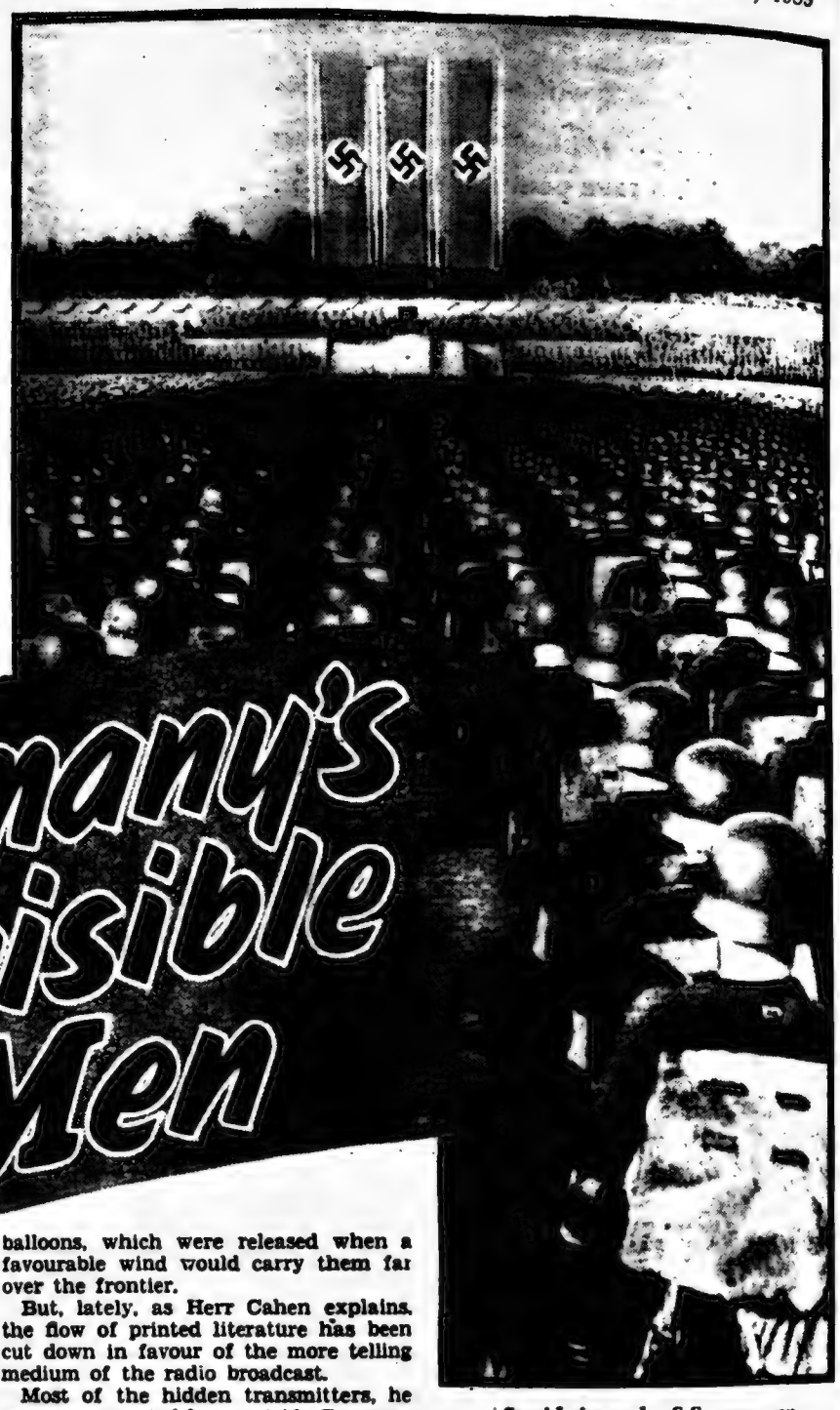
The plight of the Houghton family is typical of scores which we want to help.

Will you send something either earmarked "Palestine," or for the General Fund, addressed to the Hon. Sec., JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2?

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund. We gratefully acknowledge £1 from "Tin Hat." E 73/273, 195: 23. 6d. from A. O. P.

Risking death or the concentration camp, thousands of Germans spread propaganda among their fellows . . .



Germany's Invisible Men

IN the courtyard of the Gestapo a man stands before the firing squad. His face is white and lined with suffering—for days he has been tortured—but his lips are sealed.

Even in the face of death he will not betray his comrades.

A black-shirted officer strides towards him, offering a last-minute reprieve if he will speak. Slowly the man shakes his head. The officer motions to the firing squad. They raise their rifles. "Fire!"

The volley thunders out, but the man against the wall does not fall. The shots are all blank, the whole "execution" scene a trick to force a confession.

But for once this last refinement of Gestapo methods of persuasion has been a failure. Still silent, the prisoner is led back to his cell, later to be released, but with the knowledge that for the rest of his life he will never again escape the eyes of the secret police.

He an his family will be hunted and persecuted while they remain on German soil; spied on and shadowed by Gestapo agents if they seek refuge abroad.

For he has been suspected of the ultimate crime in Nazi Germany—taking part in the relentless undercover war against the Hitler régime.

It is a war that has assumed greater proportions in these last few troubled weeks than at any time since Hitler became dictator of eighty million people.

Mass arrests, the terror of the concentration camp, executions, even murders, have failed to stamp out the cause for which the white-faced man in the courtyard was prepared to die.

In the end he did die—one of twelve people who perished when a Czech airliner, carrying him across Europe on a secret mission, crashed in flames in the Black Forest

AT first the crash was reported as an ordinary air accident, but later investigations left no doubt that the 'plane had been brought down by bullets from a German machine-gun.

And so, on a file at Gestapo headquarters, a clerk drew a line through the name of Friedjof Artz. One more of the Fuehrer's enemies had been accounted for.

Who are these men who oppose Hitler?

How do they work so secretly that they might be called "invisible men"? What influence do they wield with the people of Germany?

Their story—and the story of Friedjof Artz—is told in a book just published by Fritz Max Cahen, former German diplomat and journalist, who, since 1932, has been leader of the anti-Hitler forces, both inside and outside Germany.

Tirelessly he has been working to weld all the factions opposed to Nazism into one great Hitler Opposition.

Exiled political leaders have enlisted under him, helped him to make contacts with foreign Powers. Poor refugees, driven from their homes, have offered their services and lives to spread his anti-Nazi doctrines.

Now, according to Cahen, at least 50 per cent. of the German people are in complete disagreement with nearly everything Hitler stands for, and another 20 per cent. are against Hitler methods.

The remaining 30 per cent., he says, are Nazis, but even they do not form a complete unit. Among them, some occupying high rank in the German Army and in the Nazi councils, are men who reproach and refuse to forgive Hitler for breaking his promises.

WHEN Cahen and twelve friends held their first meeting on a March day seven years ago they knew the danger that faced them in their struggle against the new rule. But they went on running the gauntlet of the Gestapo.

Cahen himself and his wife and son escaped from Germany only an hour before the net was about to close on them.

His secretary was in league with the secret police, but an old friend, leader of the local Storm Troopers, tipped Cahen off that if he did not flee at once he would soon be facing a firing squad.

He had barely crossed into Czechoslovakia when Storm Troopers arrived at the frontier station seeking him.

Since then many of his followers have lost their lives, hundreds more have suffered imprisonment, but they have built up an organisation thousands strong, as efficient and as far-reaching as the Gestapo itself.

With keymen in the confidence of the Nazis, they have divided Germany into fifteen districts, and organised sympathisers in "cells," through which pamphlets and banned newspapers pass into the hands of the public.

THERE are no lists of members—few know more than one or two of their immediate colleagues—for Gestapo spies and stool-pigeons are everywhere.

Once, according to Cahen, because a schoolboy boasted to his playmates that his father and his friends would "soon fix the Brownshirts," twelve men were dragged from their homes. . .

When notes have to be sent they are in ingenious codes, and are passed from hand to hand in crowded cinemas or tube trains as two apparent strangers happen to bump into each other.

Vital information concerning Nazi war secrets and plans is never despatched direct to headquarters. It goes to "letter-boxes"—sympathisers in distant countries—and then finds its way back into Germany by the voice of the hidden radio station.

When dangerous anti-Hitler propaganda cannot be distributed through the cells, all kinds of ruses are adopted.

One method employed was to place pamphlets in thousands of sealed bottles and float them down the Rhine, Elbe, and other rivers and streams which have their sources outside Germany. Another trick was to tie the pamphlets to toy balloons, which were released when a favourable wind would carry them far over the frontier.

But, lately, as Herr Cahen explains, the flow of printed literature has been cut down in favour of the more telling medium of the radio broadcast.

Most of the hidden transmitters, he says, are operated from outside Germany—at one time there were two powerful stations working from as far away as South America—but broadcasts have been made from the centre of Berlin itself.

Even though they are in a foreign country the men who work the radios live in constant fear. They know that the long arm of the Gestapo can and does reach across frontiers.

One of the pioneers of the secret radio, who operated from Czechoslovakia before it became part of the Reich, learned that too late. It cost him his life.

For months he had been living in a lonely valley, sending out daily broadcasts for the "Black Front," one of the first anti-Hitler movements, whose leader, Dr. Otto Strasser, was once a friend and colleague of the Fuehrer.

On a visit to Prague to see his chief he struck up a café friendship with a pretty girl and two young men.

He drank too much, became expansive, and, as the Gestapo had planned, invited the girl and her friends to stay with him at his hotel in the valley.

They went there that night, dined together, and had more wine. Later they all climbed the stairs to the radio operator's room.

What happened after that nobody knows, but suddenly five shots cracked out.

When servants reached the room the radio operator lay dead with a gun in his hand, proof that he had tried to defend himself. But the girl and the two young men had vanished.

Two days later the Black Front's own secret service had established that the murder party had come from Germany.

Steel-helmeted S.S. men on parade. They do not terrify those working against Nazidom

and that the girl and one of the men had been wounded.

Only his quick wits once saved the Black Front leader Strasser himself.

Bribed by the Gestapo, one of Dr. Strasser's assistants introduced him to a mysterious Englishman, named "Mr. Frank," who posed as a member of the British Intelligence Service.

Dr. Strasser was decoyed from his headquarters in Prague to a lonely house in a country on the other side of Europe.

Suspicions that had been growing in his mind hardened when he found Frank waiting for him with a group of young men.

FRANK suggested that Dr. Strasser should refresh himself with a bath after his long journey. Dr. Strasser immediately left the house, brushing aside the surprised young men, and fled back to Prague.

It was later established that everything had been arranged to electrocute him in the bath. The murder would have been "an accident."

Once on the trail, there are no lengths to which the Gestapo will not go to snare the men who believe Hitler's régime is bad for their country.

But as all these incidents described by Herr Cahen show, the invisible men remain just as dauntless, just as cunning.

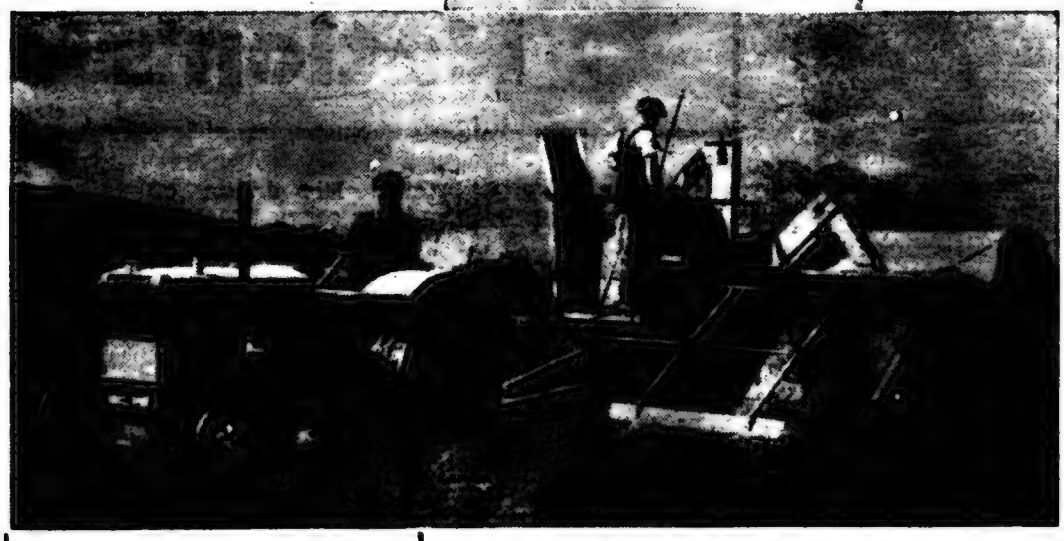
The same watchword inspires them all. It is that "Germany Shall Know the TRUTH."

["Men Against Hitler," by Fritz M. Cahen, Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.]

Prosperity Farm

The Good Earth—3

We continue our report on the plight of agriculture —and the remedies.



Modern methods can help the Good Earth to bring prosperity to the oldest of our industries—as wise farmers have proved.

OVER the Marlborough Downs, his weatherbeaten face as alert as any schoolboy's, strides old Farmer Hosier.

There is something of the resolution of an ironmaster in his looks. And no wonder. He has to be as good a judge of a piece of steel as of an ear of corn.

With tens of thousands of pounds worth of combine harvesters, hay balers, motor-mowers and multi-ploughs at work on his five thousand acres, machinery is never out of his mind.

His men are marshalled and driven to their tasks in lorries. He himself tours the more distant parts of his estate by car. And every hour of the day a skilled mechanic waits, ready to rush his portable repair shop to any part of the estate where a machine has failed.

At one time in his farming career he broke away entirely from the land to study engineering.

And the result is this beehive estate near Wexcombe, hard by Savernake Forest—"Prosperity Farm."

How did he do it over a period of years when agriculture was in rapid decline, when farmers failed in tens of thousands, and millions of once-rich acres went out of cultivation?

His answer to that is to tell you a story.

It begins as far back as sixty years ago, when young Master Hosier left school at the age at which most youngsters of to-day are just settling down to their lessons.

After a few years of hard work and saving he and a friend entered into a partnership to farm 150 acres of land, with very little capital to back them up.

When his struggle was at his hardest he heard of a farmer Newbury way who was really making farming pay—old George Baylis. He reasoned: "If he can make a 'go' of things, so can I." So he cantered over to Newbury to meet him.

And he met—a revolutionary.

Yes, that is what most of the other local farmers thought of him, this old farmer who tried to be different from everybody else.

WHY, he was sowing his wheat on an entirely different system!

He practised a new trick of mobilising all his available labour into one field to take advantage of any spell of good weather. They said that any fool could tell him that that was wrong.

Why, old Baylis must be mad, they said. But "Gaffer" Hosier, as he was known to his small farming staff in those days, wasn't so sure.

He looked round the place a bit on that visit and noticed that Baylis, who had started with an old derelict estate "in bad heart," as the local saying goes, had a hundred ploughing teams at work.

He had listened to the experts—and now the experts were pointing to his farm as the "Prosperity Farm" of those days.

"Gaffer" Hosier cantered back across the Marlborough Hills, paused for half an hour to watch the first steam-ploughing tackle ever seen in the Lambourne Valley—another new scheme of mad old Baylis—and went home with resolution in his heart.

Enough of this playing about with a few acres on old-fashioned lines. He would read all the pamphlets on farming recommended by Baylis, despite the fact that every other farmer for miles round described them as rot.

And he would give up farming and follow an engineering career until he felt himself capable of working the land on thorough, mechanised lines.

Friends, relatives and neighbouring farmers were astonished. They said he was throwing away a career. But within three years of his return to farming they began to wonder.

Farmer Baylis had specialised on corn, but not so "Gaffer" Hosier. In addition to producing bumper crops of wheat, he raised cattle, bred pigs, reared sheep, all on staggeringly new lines.

The maddest thing he did was to keep ploughing up his grasslands and turning his arable land back, temporarily, to grass.

They call it "alternate husbandry" in these days. Then it was sacrilege.

He originated the moving cowshed, by means of which dairy herds can be milked in the fields. He abolished the dung-cart, the smelly midden. Experimenting with haymaking machinery, he invented an automatic rake.

TO be seen in his yard is the very first two-seater car, with mowing machine fitted into the rear axle. He acquired one of the first old war-time tractors and harnessed it to a plough.

In one of his barns a veteran car, its driving wheel adapted to a pulley, is one of his sources of power. He invented the sweep, the implement that gathers the hay to the stack without it being loaded into wagons.

And to-day, on his wonder farm, a "combine" cuts and threshes his corn, a dryer gets it ready for market at once, and at no time can rats or mice get at the garnered grain.

Out on his downlands his tractor ploughs haul harrows and seeding drills in their wake, cultivating and sowing in a single operation.

Seven hundred milking cows pass through his moving cowsheds every day to be milked by machine, while three hundred more cattle roam the meadows getting fat.

There are many other such "Prosperity Farms"—even in these days of acute agricultural depression. He must be something of a farming genius who can strike such success in days like these.

LET us visit one, for instance, down Suffolk way. At Clopton Hall, West Suffolk, to be exact.

There, nine years ago, Farmer J. Brooke started with cows yielding four gallons of milk a day and one man-of-all-work.

To-day he employs nearly 200 men and women, in addition to 150 pickers during the fruit season, and handles 1,500 gallons of milk a day.

He has turned a dying village of 800 inhabitants, many of whom were unemployed, into a busy little township supporting more people than it has done for a couple of generations.

HE IS ACTUALLY MAKING PEOPLE DESERT THE TOWNS FOR THE COUNTRY!

Nine years ago there wasn't a water supply in the locality. To-day one well alone supplies 6,000 gallons of pure water a day for the purpose of washing milk-bottles only.

There are men on his farm earning more than £3 a week, and this in a district where 32s. 6d. a week is the standard minimum for the agricultural worker. Several of these farm hands run their own cars, which is possible in such a country district on £3 a week.

And, when I asked him where he derived his knowledge, this graduate of Cambridge University who took an Honours degree in Law, and was in business till that start in farming nine years ago, replied with utter candour: "From Government pamphlets."

Shades of old-fashioned farmers who resented every bit of advice from "those fools in London"!

Government pamphlets are wonderful, he says. But not Government marketing schemes.

"These people are thinking in terms of statistics instead of the needs of the housewife," he told me.

"It never occurs to them that she doesn't want her apples and tomatoes the same size.

"They don't realise that when the fruiterer buys fruit and vegetables carefully graded according to the Government scheme he has to mix them all up again, so that, for example, a woman has big apples for her hearty-eating husband, medium ones for herself, appropriately small ones for the youngsters.

"Meanwhile, consumer and producer have to pay the high cost of such schemes."

Farmer Brooke markets fruit, vegetables, dairy and other produce not only on his own behalf, but for small neighbouring farmers as well. He bottles some produce, makes jam of other.

Surpluses only go to the canners.

Everything is mechanised. There is traffic control in his orchards during the fruit-picking season, complete with roundabout!

Not even the island site that results from this roundabout is wasted. Fruit baskets are housed there, sheltered from bad weather.

There isn't a single horse on the farm.

But there are 1,200 pigs, and they fertilise the soil.

Their pens are dragged about the meadows to a fresh bit of grazing every day—and even that is done according to plan.

The farm is self-contained even to its school. Farmer Brooke supplies the teacher and the school premises, and the parents pay 10d. a week for each child to cover the other expenses.

Here, then, are two "Prosperity Farms" that are paying handsomely.

IN describing them and the methods employed on them we do not wish to point to scores of thousands of struggling farmers of this country as out of date or inefficient.

Farming is so much of a gamble. Bad luck can dog excellent farmers year in, year out.

Nor would we describe Lu.: as the golden highway to "Prosperity Farm."

These pioneers of farming of the future are revolutionary. That is why their results are little short of miraculous.

Their prime lesson to their fellow-farmers is: "Don't do it just because it was good enough for your father and your grandfather before him. That way lies bankruptcy."

He stands firm for democracy and he will be inspired by the staunchness of those from whom he takes the torch . . . .

What Britain Stands

A. G. Gardiner describes the Nation's Aims

IN this calamity which has come upon the world, we must bear firmly in mind the sacred cause for which we are fighting.

I will attempt to state that cause here: but first let me express my gratitude that this nation meets the unknown with unity of mind, with greatness of spirit, and with the solemn conviction that, whatever befalls, we can take no other path.

One fact, above all others, stands out from the events of the past week.

IT IS THE RECOVERY BY THIS COUNTRY OF THAT WORLD LEADERSHIP WHICH HAD SLIPPED FROM OUR GRASP UNDER THE PRESSURE OF THE WAVE OF TERRORISM THAT THREATENED TO SWEEP AWAY THE WHOLE FABRIC OF CIVILISATION FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN TO THE CHINA SEAS.

In March last, with the culmination at Prague of Hitler's "white victories," it seemed democracy was in full flight and that nothing could stay the triumphant onrush of Nazi ambitions.

To-day the tide has turned. The forces of democracy are mobilised and in the ascendant.

It is the Nazis who are at bay.

The reason for this dramatic development is clear. Democracy, by its very nature, is a bad starter in a struggle with dictatorship.

When men are free and government is by consent of the governed, action in a crisis is hampered by the cross-currents of public opinion.

Moreover, while dictatorship works in secret and has nothing to consider except the swiftest path to its goal, democracy functions in a blaze of publicity.

All its divisions and weaknesses are apparent, to be exploited with the poisoned propaganda of a controlled Press and radio.

Public Opinion

On the one side, public opinion is in chains; on the other, public opinion is supreme and has to be convinced.

In these circumstances, the impact of Hitlerism upon the democracies was like the charge of a brigade of cavalry upon a disorganised mob.

The Fuehrer passed from bloodless victory to bloodless victory. His dream of universal empire seemed almost feasible in face of the feeble and scattered foe.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL MUNICH THAT THE IMMINENCE AND MAGNITUDE OF THE PERIL THAT THREATENED CIVILISATION WERE UNDERSTOOD, AND THAT THE DEMOCRACIES BEGAN TO GET INTO THEIR STRIDE.

The outrage on Prague completed that awakening, and when the next stroke was about to fall on Poland the democracies were in the position to cry "Halt!."

In this awakening the chief impetus came from the threatened people themselves. Both in France and Britain we have witnessed in the past four months the most impressive demonstration of the virtues of freedom.

Inspiring

Democracy, when once convinced of its cause, moves with a majesty that only the soul of freedom can give—nothing in our history is more inspiring than the slow, stern consolidation of the whole nation into one purpose which has been in progress since March.

In the face of a common danger, all our differences and partisanships have vanished, and we stand to-day behind our Government a more united people than we have been in any crisis in our history.

And France offers a spectacle of national solidarity no less striking.

The effect of all this upon the democratic world at large has been instant and decisive.

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT BRITAIN HAS RESUMED HER LEADERSHIP IN DEFENCE OF WORLD'S LIBERTIES, AND IS PREPARED TO THROW ALL HER RESOURCES INTO THE STRUGGLE, HAS CHANGED THE WHOLE LANDSCAPE OF EUROPE.

Every country marked down for destruction has been fired with a new spirit and stands to arms along its frontiers prepared to defend its liberties to the death.

Nowhere has the effect been more marked than in the United States.

All the suspicions that prevailed there at the time of Munich that Britain was "letting democracy down" have vanished.

It Must End

Public opinion in America has swung impressively into line on the great argument, and "isolation" is at its last gasp.

What is the cause that has brought all the democracies of the earth into a common front?

It is not the fate of Danzig or even of Poland. It is the fate of world civilisation.

It is the determination to end the reign of terror that is making life on this planet a universal horror.

This is the thought that has burned itself into every mind. "We must end this thing, and end it now, whatever the cost," runs like a refrain through every talk in 'bus or workshop, tavern or street.

THE ISSUE IS AS SIMPLE AS IT IS TREMENDOUS. GERMANY, UNDER THE TYRANNIC RULE OF HITLER, CLAIMS TO DOMINATE EUROPE AND THE WORLD BY THE SWORD AND FEAR OF THE SWORD.

For the rule of law she substitutes the rule of force. Whatever she can take is hers by divine right of Might.

Slavery

The weaker nations of Europe are to be reduced one by one to the position of enslaved satellites, hewers of wood and drawers of water for the supe supermen who a rule the earth.

For Hitler's dre not limited to E world is ultimatel under the sway o the German peopl

The rest of us about and find honourable grave

There is no con this amiable sche sovereignty. It books for all to re

. . . He would say—"

ands For !

water for the super-race and the supermen who are destined to rule the earth.

For Hitler's dream of empire is not limited to Europe. All the world is ultimately to be brought under the sway of Germany and the German people.

The rest of us are to "creep about and find ourselves dishonourable graves."

There is no concealment about this amiable scheme of universal sovereignty. It is set forth in books for all to read.

It is published in maps which show that by 1948 the conquest of Europe will be complete.

It is enshrined in the marching song of the Hitler Youth, with its refrain, "To-day we own Germany; to-morrow we own the earth."

It is implicit in the Nazi policy of economic strangulation.

Against this dream of world sovereignty, Britain, and with her all the free nations of the earth, stands for the rule of law, the right of nations to live their own lives, and the individual liberties of men.

. . . . He would say—"Well done"

Our Freedom

Our aim, too, is world unity, but it is not unity achieved by force and exercised by the tyrannic overlordship of a conquering race.

It is the unity of free peoples, recognising a common international law and working together for the mutual advantage of the whole human family.

In that unity racial domination will have no place, and racial prosecution will cease.

There will be room for all in the fellowship of nations, for Germany no less than for Poland or Czechoslovakia—no less and no more.

The disagreements of nations will be settled, as every civilised nation settles its own internal problems, by the processes of justice, arbitration and conciliation.

Universal disarmament will be compulsory, and the peace of nations will be preserved, as we preserve the peace of communities, by an international police force whose task it will be to quench the first flames of war wherever they appear.

The Choice

THIS IS NO DREAM. HITLER HAS MADE IT A CERTAINTY.

He has shown the world that it has no choice other than that between the reign of law and the reign of violence, between order and anarchy, between barbarism and civilisation.

Whatever sovereign rights it may be necessary to surrender in the cause of world safety, they will be surrendered.

This hideous nightmare of Hitlerism shall never outrage and insult the world again.

God bless us all!

The Rightest Man I Know

By the Editor

A. G. GARDINER'S weekly articles on world affairs constitute a record of prophecy that can seldom have been equalled.

For he, more than any other present-day writer on international topics, can be truly described as "the man who has always been right."

The brief extracts from articles that have appeared in JOHN BULL during the past six years tell their own story.

Sept., 1933.—Hitler will be as completely the dictator of Austria as he is now of Germany.

This will promote his larger aim, to create a great central Germanic block whose influence shall extend southwards into Switzerland and eastwards into Czechoslovakia.

If the banner of the swastika can sweep Austria it can sweep other territories and bring them within the orbit of the German system.

April 6, 1935.—The revelation of Hitler's mind and aims confronts Europe with a grave challenge.

Sir John Simon went to Berlin with one object—to ascertain whether Germany would join Britain, France, Italy and Russia in a scheme to establish the peace of Europe on a collective basis.

Hitler was adamant, unyielding. He rode the high horse. His heart is still set on Austria and Hungary.

Jan. 4, 1936.—A much more formidable figure than Mussolini is casting his shadow over Europe. . . . Hitler's time is coming.

Aug. 4, 1936.—Hitler acts before he argues. He believes in the "accomplished fact." He jumps a claim and tears up a treaty, and then says: "The thing is done. What are you going to do about it?" These methods keep the world in high fever and defeat all hopes of peace.

Sept. 5, 1936.—One cause of the world's disquiet is Herr Hitler's habit of hurling bolts out of the blue. . . . He waves an olive branch with one hand and throws a stick of dynamite with the other.

This occurs so persistently that it is clearly a calculated policy.

Nov. 7, 1936.—The main object of German economic policy is to penetrade south-estwards towards Rumanian oil and grain.

July 3, 1937.—The Fuehrer is a skilful and subtle opportunist. Czechoslovakia, with its considerable German population, may well be the scene of the next revolution organised under the auspices of Berlin and Rome.

Dec. 11, 1937. — Hitler is the mystery man of this world drama. He is a fanatic who keeps his own counsel and the world guessing. I do not think he wants war, but he exploits the fear of war for his purposes to the utmost.

There is no genuine community of interest between the Dictatorships apart from antagonism to the British Empire.

April 30, 1938.—After Austria anything is possible. With German influence surging over the Balkans, Italy is threatened with envelopment on land, and ultimately a German base in the Eastern Mediterranean.

June 18, 1938.—The time has come to show that our tolerance of barbarism has reached its limits, and that we can be as bold as we have been patient.

Aug. 6, 1938.—And now we await the fate of Czechoslovakia. The pause is only temporary. Czechoslovakia is marked down for slaughter.

The chief object of attack of Germany, Italy and Japan is the British Commonwealth of Nations. Destroy that system, and gangsterdom will have the world at its feet.

Sept. 10, 1938.—If Czechoslovakia can be annexed, as Austria has been, merely by the threat of the Mailed Fist, then the German domination of Europe is established.

The appetite for conquest grows by what it feeds on. When Eastern Europe has been gobbled up, the way will be clear for the final settlement with France, as foreshadowed in "Mein Kampf." And not with France only. Behind France is the ultimate enemy—Britain.

Sept. 20, 1938.—Germany must have control of the Rumanian oilfields if she is to accomplish her gigantic dreams. And Czechoslovakia stands in the way.

WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG

Amazing Discovery **ENDS WRINKLES**

WOMEN OF 50 CAN LOOK 35

A new precious extract of skin cells — just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous Doctor at the University of Vienna. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals. This extract, called 'Biocel' is now contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (White colour non-greasy). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods or money refunded.

Make this TEST!

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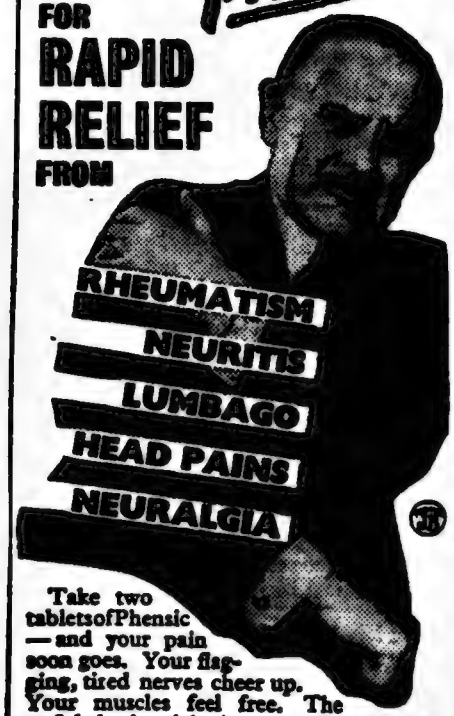

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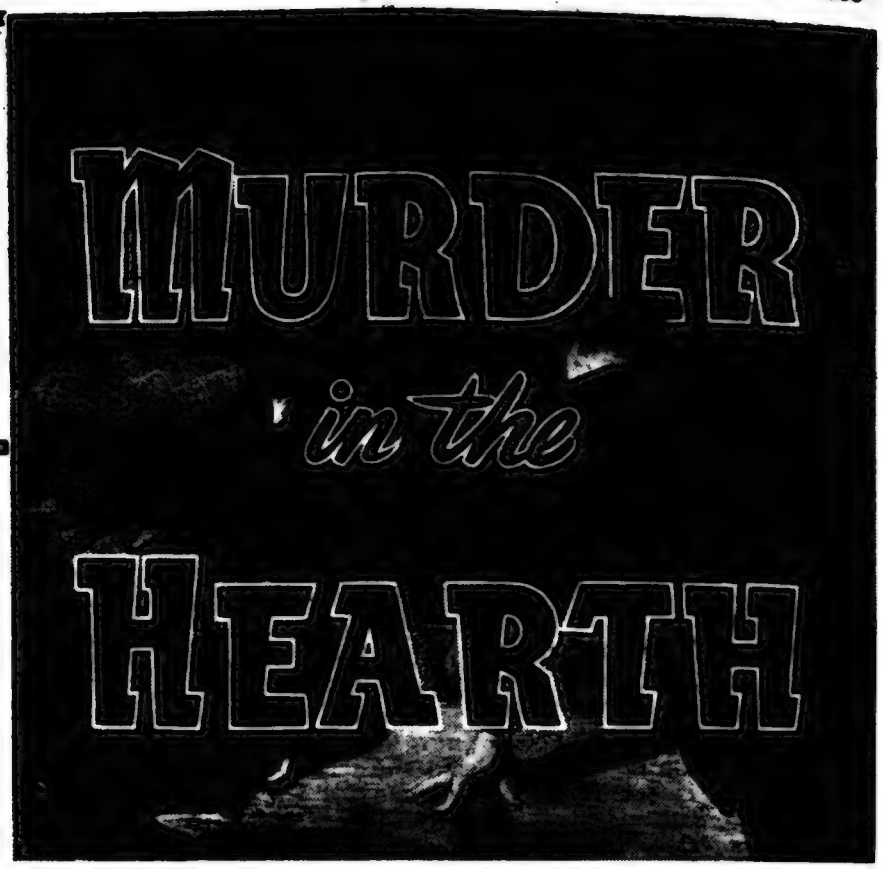
The Law's Long Arm

—4—

A thrilling series that shows how British detectives overseas rival Scotland Yard men in their brilliance.



A visiting card was found at the back of the fireplace. . . it was the first real clue

P. C. WEBSTER jabbed his crowbar into the cement in front of the hearth and widened the tiny crack.

Then he took a handkerchief from his pocket and tied it round his mouth.

"I think the landlord was right," he told Constable Kinniberg. "There's something there sure enough."

For half an hour they worked in the front room of the house in Andrew Street, Melbourne.

They worked until a six-inch piece of concrete was free. Then Kinniberg stooped and peered into the hole.

"Hop off to the station and tell the Sergeant to send the C.I.D. along," he said. "I'll stick around till they come."

So began an investigation that spread to England, to the goldfields of South Africa, and to ships on the high seas.

For Police-Constable Kinniberg, peering under the front-room floor, had seen a woman's hand.

Detective-Sergeant Considine and Detective Cawsey, who arrived to complete the work the two constables had begun, found the woman had been about thirty. She had died from head wounds. But there was nothing about the house to give them a clue to her name. Or to her murderer.

While rummaging round Considine unearthed the front cover of a current mining magazine; three spent safety matches which were about four times the usual size; and a portion of a burned medicine bottle label bearing the letters "POI . . ." and the word "COLOMBO."

Suddenly he held aloft a small invitation card which he had found at the back of the fireplace.

"Here's something else, Cawsey," he said. "This looks as if it might be a good lead. Listen!

"'Mr. Albert Williams requests the company of Mr. . . . at dinner at the Commercial Hotel, at Rainhill, August 10,'" he read. "It ought to be easy to trace this!"

"Where's Rainhill exactly?" asked Cawsey. "I've never heard of it before."

"NEITHER have I. Not in this country, that is. But there's a small town called Rainhill in England. It's somewhere just out of Liverpool. My father was born near there, and I've heard him talk about it.

"If we get in touch with the English police and get a list of everybody who was at that dinner, and then find out which of them is in Australia, we ought to have a pretty good idea of who's mixed up in this business."

"I think this Williams fellow is the one who's mixed up in it," Cawsey returned. "After all, if you were going to invite me to a free dinner—by the way, that's a jolly good idea; you might do it, sometime!—I'd expect you to put my name on the invitation card.

"You'd hardly be likely to send me a blank one. The only person who'd be likely to have blanks would be the chap who was giving the dinner. He might have one or two over!"

"There's a lot in that," Considine agreed. "That'd check up with those storm matches, too!"

"STORM matches?"

"Yes. Those large safeties we picked up. They're the sort the shipping companies put in the smoking-rooms on the liners.

"It's quite possible that this fellow Williams is an Englishman. And that he hasn't been long in the country—he'd have used up all his fancy matches long ago if he had."

"What do you make of that bit of the medicine bottle label?"

"Hard to say! Perhaps he came out on one of the ships that call at Colombo and he picked it up on his way through. I don't think it was a medicine, though—more like a straight poison. If he'd needed any medicine he could've got it from the ship's doctor without having to wait until he got to Colombo.

"And that magazine! Perhaps he's a mining engineer. Or the representative of some of those English investment companies. They've been piling in money here to open up some of the new 'finds.'"

When the detectives questioned the landlord, whose suspicions had started their enquiries, they found that the house had been tenantless since the previous January.

The last occupier was a Mr. Drewen, who inspected the house on December 16 and paid a fortnight's rent in advance.

"I couldn't help thinking there was something funny about him," the landlord said. "He didn't seem very particular about the house—so long as it *was* a house and he could get in quickly.

"All he seemed to be interested in was the fireplace in the bedroom. When the fortnight was up, he called and paid me another week's rent. At the end of the week he said he'd decided to keep the house on and paid a month's rent. That was the last I saw of him. He wasn't there when I went to collect the rent for February.

"He was English. He told me he'd only just arrived in the country and that he wanted to get into a house quickly because his hotel bill was piling up a bit too much."

THE next-door neighbour had some interesting information.

"I saw Mr. Drewen going in and out lots of times," she said. "I spoke to him a couple of times. I couldn't quite make him out. He seemed to have a lot of work of some sort to do there before everything was fixed to his liking.

"He had a barrel of cement and some tools delivered to him on December 12. After that there was a lot of banging and hammering going on until Christmas Eve."

"What happened then?" Considine asked.

"Well, just after teatime a carrier brought some trunks. Then a woman came along. I think she and Drewen must have spent the night there. Though what they slept on I don't know, because there wasn't a stick of furniture in the place!

"Anyway, about eleven o'clock we heard them having a terrific row. It quietened down after a bit, but about five o'clock there was more hammering and banging.

"Drewen went away about nine and we didn't see him until next day. Then he arrived with another carrier and took all the trunks away again. That's the last I saw of him. I never saw the woman leave."

Both the landlord and the neighbour agreed that Drewen was a mild-mannered, gentlemanly sort of fellow about forty years of age. He had a fair complexion, a long, lightish-coloured moustache and beard, and appeared to be about five feet seven or eight inches in height.

When Considine checked up with the shop that had supplied the cement and tools, he found the man had given the name of Dobson.

TALE OF TWO COTTAGES

EVERYONE who passed that way envied the two little thatched cottages, nestling side by side in the sleepy south coast village.

In one lived a mother, in the other her son, and their happiness was complete.

Until one day the mother ran out into the garden where her son was working and cried in terror: "Come, come quickly! The chimney's blazing! Hurry! Hurry!"

The son dashed into his mother's cottage, found flames roaring from the kitchen fireplace.

Within a few seconds the thatch was blazing furiously, and the flames had spread to the roof of the second cottage.

That evening mother and son surveyed the smoking ruins of the homes where they had been so happy only a few hours before. The future seemed dark indeed.

Then came a flash of memory which gave them new hope in their despair. They both remembered signing a simple form in JOHN BULL, entitling them to the benefits of our unique free insurance gift, and giving them protection against just such a disaster as this.

So after all the story had a happy ending. JOHN BULL dealt with their claims promptly, both mother and son receiving generous cheques to make good the loss they had suffered.

You, too, can share in the protection which JOHN BULL offers to its readers. Just sign the entry form which you will find in this issue.

By Louis C. Mansfield

Something clicked in the detective's mind when he heard that name.

"Doesn't that name and description sound familiar to you?" he exclaimed excitedly to Cawsey. "Remember that fellow who swindled Kilpatrick and Co. out of all that jewellery just before New Year? He tried to rook McLean Brothers and Rigg of a couple of thousand quid, too!"

Cawsey remembered. Dobson, or Dawson, as he called himself alternatively, had been responsible for half a dozen swindles.

That night Considine sent a long cable home to Scotland Yard. He also called in all the Melbourne reporters, gave them as much of the story as he considered advisable, and asked them to "splash" the request for information concerning Mr. Albert Williams and Drewen of the many aliases.

The newspapers brought quick results.

Next morning five people presented themselves at Considine's office to say that they had met Albert Williams and his wife while travelling from Southampton to Australia in the German liner *Franz Wilhelm II*. The *Franz Wilhelm* had docked at Port Melbourne on December 15.

THE DESCRIPTIONS WHICH THEY GAVE OF THE MAN AGREED IN EVERY PARTICULAR WITH THAT OF DREWEN.

"He told me he was a mining engineer," one of the passengers reported. "He must be pretty clever at engineering because he's got a pair of pliers that he says he made out of knitting needles, and they're a mighty fine piece of work. He's awfully proud of them.

"HE carries them around in his pocket and tries to take them out to show you every chance he can get. He must've shown them to me twenty times on the trip out."

The detective-sergeant was interested in that.

"We'll trace him by those pliers," he said. "I've never known a crook yet who didn't have a little peculiarity that gave him away. The pliers are Williams's! No matter how often he changes his name, or how much he tries to disguise himself, that little trick of showing them round will give him away."

"You're going to have a hard job to get on his track, though," said Cawsey. "He's what I'd call a 'fast-worker.' He lands here on December 15. Rents a house on the 16th. Orders cement and tools on the 17th. Gets the house all nicely fitted up as a murder-trap on the 18th and 19th. Pulls a couple of successful swindles around the 20th and 22nd. Kills his wife on the 24th.

"He swindles Kilpatrick's out of a lot of jewellery on the 29th. Tries to 'rook' McLean's on January 3. And then finds time to pull four more crook jobs before the 8th."

NEXT WEEK

Louis C. S. Mansfield tells the story of a cunning Brahmin who revenged his slighted honour with the—

CREEPING DEATH

CERTAINLY Williams had not been slow.

Before the day was out Considine discovered that he had used eight different aliases and lived at six different hotels in a fortnight.

During that time he had made appointments with two women introduced to him by a matrimonial agency; had written to seven others stating that he wanted to get married immediately and had become engaged to a girl of twenty.

He had held an auction of women's clothes and personal effects and left Melbourne for Sydney on January 12, travelling by the coaster *Adelaide* under the pseudonym of Baron Swanston.

The New South Wales Criminal Investigation Department reported next day that Williams, or Drewen, or Swanston, was still keeping up his hectic rush.

While on board the *Adelaide* he had met a Miss Kate Rounsefell, an attractive heiress of eighteen. He had swept her off her feet by his charm.

He landed at Sydney on January 14; swindled a business firm and travelled to Miss Rounsefell's home the next day. Within a few hours they were formally engaged, and he returned to Sydney, after wiring ahead for a passage to Western Australia *via* the *Oceana*.

He had given Miss Rounsefell pieces of expensive jewellery, arranging for her to follow him to Western Australia a few weeks later. The police moved quickly. They found the jewellery was part of the haul from Kilpatrick's.

Two hours later Considine received Scotland Yard's cabled report.

The Yard said that the woman who had gone to Australia with Williams was his wife, formerly a Miss Emily Mather, whom he had married at Rainhill.

The Rainhill police had torn up the hearthstone of the house where Williams lived just before his marriage. They had found the bodies of a woman and four children.

This discovery helped to establish that Williams's proper name was Frederick Bailey Deeming, a mining engineer who had spent much of his time on the South African goldfields.

On the strength of all this information Considine wired the Western Australian Police Headquarters at Perth, asking that the fast-moving philanderer be arrested—not for murder, but on a charge of having robbed Kilpatrick's.

Deeming, who was still using the name of Swanston, was arrested at Southern Cross.

STILL HUSTLING, HE HAD RENTED A HOUSE, AND HAD ALREADY LAID IN A SUPPLY OF CONCRETE IN READINESS FOR THE ARRIVAL OF MISS ROUNSEFELL.

Among his property were the knitting-needle pliers. Deeming was definitely Albert Williams of the *Franz Wilhelm II* and the Mr. Drewen of Andrew Street!

There was no dearth of evidence against him when he went on trial for murder, before Mr Justice Hodges, on April 5, 1892.

AS the killer heard the terrible story unfolded in court he seemed without a care in the world and spent most of his time glancing round as if to single out some acquaintance.

Perhaps he was trying to identify the English detective who was waiting with a warrant for the Rainhill murders.

Perhaps he was trying to catch a glimpse of Detective Brant, of the Johannesburg Police, who had arrived with warrants in connection with the discoveries he had made under three amateurishly laid concrete hearthstones in South Africa!

Or perhaps he was wondering whether he was bound next for Liverpool or Capetown. If that was so, he needn't have bothered.

He never left Australia!

Frederick Bailey Deeming was executed at Melbourne Jail on May 23.

Just a Human Story

Britain—Our Britain!

This eulogy on Britain, written by a boy of 17, reached us just before Europe was again stirred by war.

It was intended as a plea to landowners to be more ready to open their estates to the country-loving young people of the nation.

That subject may seem unimportant at a time when all the energies of the nation are concentrated.

But we present it as a picture of the Homeland that many millions of people will want to remember in these dark days. . . .

I AM seventeen. All through the week I am condemned to work and live in the dirtiest and gloomiest part of Manchester. If I open the windows for fresh air I get no fresh air—only smoke and smuts that settle everywhere.

One thing—a day-dream—makes it possible to endure it. As I work I think and think of the Peak District, which I can visit at week-ends.

Here I know every dale and every wood. I know my way to the top of every crest where I can breathe God's good air.

Some of the hills are forbidden to me. They are preserved—for very shame, I say. Sheep and grouse and keepers can go where I cannot.

A crashed aeroplane can lie undetected—did lie undetected recently—for a fortnight. This within fifteen miles of Manchester.

But even such grievances I can forget as I stand high above Manchester's smoke line on a glorious peak where I can look over some of the most beautiful country in the world and say, "Mine, MINE, ALL MINE."

Here I have gone with pals whose faces have grown pale in those factory rooms where we cannot open windows—gone to see the colour lashed back into their faces within two hours, to see their hearts lifted as money or material achievement could never lift them.

Wonderful, wonderful Britain.

This is the tonic God prescribed for the 5,000,000 people who live in Manchester, the Potteries, Derby, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, Barnsley, Huddersfield. Not doctor's nostrums.

This is our heritage.

These beauties belong to us, no matter how men may sometimes lock them away from us.

So do the hawks, hooded crows, owls, squirrels and other beautiful things that God sent to make them more pleasant.

People who do not realise our rights must be taught to realise them. By education, if possible—and, believe me, there are many rich people with fine accents who need education.

Failing that, they should be compelled by Act of Parliament.

Britain is so very, very beautiful that we want every square yard of it we can. Loving it, we will not disfigure it or damage it. Vandalism is not the work of such people as us.—L. L., Hall Street, Stockport.

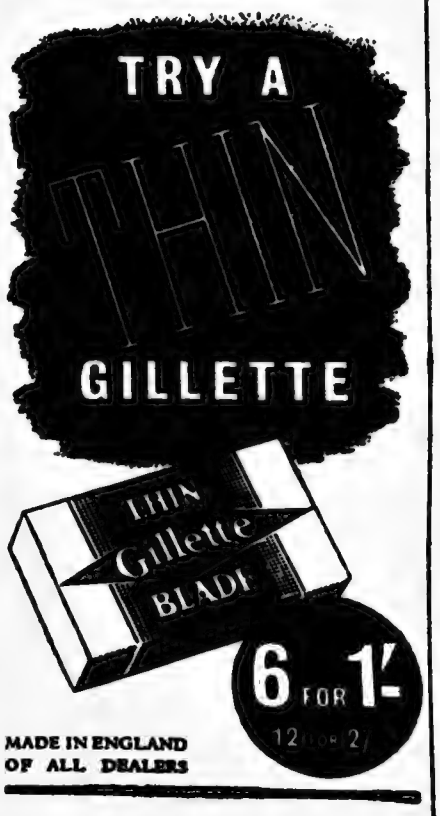
When did you last have a Guinness?

Two days ago? A week, a month? That's too long. Guinness is something you should have every day—because it's both a magnificent natural tonic and a rattling good drink, clean, refreshing, invigorating. Guinness is good for you.

G.E.876

SENSITIVE SKIN?

Selling at the lowest price in Gillette history, 6 for 1/-, *Thin* Gillette blades are specially designed to give even the tenderest skin a close, clean, comfortable shave! Golden in colour, honed to the famous Gillette edge, these *Thin* Gillettes give you a new high level in shaving comfort—with the utmost possible economy.



MADE IN ENGLAND
OF ALL DEALERS

HUMANIST has received this confession from a lonely husband

"I was jealous of my children"

IT is never easy to see ourselves as others see us; in fact, it is hard to see ourselves at all. But I have just received a letter from a man who has put himself in the dock, proved his own guilt, and passed a severe judgment.

The letter is too long to quote in full, but here are the most significant passages:—

"I've been married twenty years, hold a good position, have a son of 19 and a daughter of 17, and a good home well kept by a wife who is all a man wants a woman to be.

"I have all I need in material things, but I would gladly change places with any poor devil tramping the streets in search of a job.

"He may not have the material blessings, but if his wife and children love him, he is a wealthy man. Mine do not love me. Therefore I'm the poorest, wretchedest man on earth.

"Both children are deeply attached to their mother. They have long since given up wanting me. They are completely happy without me"

"And it is all my own fault. It happened this way:—

"Just after the war I married a young woman who loved and wanted children. So did I—at the time—but somehow a fortnight's honeymoon altered me in a way I am unable to understand.

"I was so completely happy; I became obsessed with the desire always to have just my wife alone. I did not want any children of my own. The very thought of sharing her with another—even with a baby—seemed unbearable.

"From the moment my wife told me she was going to have a baby I became a different man, and from that moment I have never been happy.

"The vilest jealousy seemed to warp my brain. I stormed at her whenever I saw her nursing the child, and forbade her to do it. I knew I was hurting her. I stood by cruelly calm when she sobbed her heart out and begged me, on her knees, to be reasonable, to be kind. I found a pleasure in hurting her still more.

"I refused to have any hand in bringing up the children, viciously kept her short of cash and behaved like a perfect hotter. Looking back on that time, I wonder she tolerated me enough to have her second child.

"SHE was a wonderful woman; bore all her worries and troubles alone, worked hard indoors and at business to give the children a good start in life.

"I tried (God knows how hard) to live down that terrible jealousy. It is in my very soul even now.

"When the boy left school at 16 she asked me to get him placed in my own firm. I refused point-blank, saying, 'You've started the job, and you can finish it.' She got him placed there herself. A little help from me would have saved her a great many expenses.

"I declined to put the boy right when he was wrong, nor did I give him a word of praise when he deserved it. But he won through and is doing well. He will go further than I.

"Both children are deeply attached to their mother. They have long since given up wanting me, all three of them, and are completely happy together without me.

"For many years I refused to join them on holidays, and now it is taken for granted that I would not go if I were asked.

"I have lost my wife's love; the children fear me; and now at the age of 45 I can see my mistakes. The punishment is loneliness in my own home. . . .

"I have pleaded with my wife to be a wife to me still. I have even suggested having another child so that we may start again. But she says, 'It's too big a risk—I can't trust you.' And the trouble is that I cannot trust myself."

It would be easy for me to denounce this man; I can think of some savage things to say to him. But there is no point in doing so. He is writhing under his own blows, and is deeply penitent. But it is too late.

His trouble was created by possessiveness. He wanted his wife all to himself—to be his "mother" as well as his lover. One human being cannot monopolise another in that slavish way.

I would not have quoted his letter at all but for the fact that a good many men suffer from the same trouble on a smaller scale.

They are jealous of their own children, and (as any psychologist will tell you) they have never really grown up. Such a man wants to be all-in-all to his wife, because years ago he was the all-in-all to his mother.

THIS desire of people to "own" others must be ousted before there can be real happiness.

It is a very crude sort of love that wants to take all and give nothing—not even a little freedom.

Now for one or two problems which are less serious. The first comes from a man who is worried by neighbours' constant borrowing:—

"There must be thousands more like me, pestered by people wanting to borrow. I am a victim not of out-of-works, but people in regular employment and earning good wages. You would be surprised at the things they come for—pen and ink, needles, flour, etc.—and you never see again anything you lend.

"In this new housing estate where I live there are a few people who will borrow all they can get away with. And I am worse off than any of them, because I am out of work."

It seems to me that "borrowing" is hardly the word: it is really a case of begging. The man wants to know what he should do about it. There are only two replies: (1) he can decline to "lend," (2) he can go a-borrowing in return.

YEARS ago we were always taught that all borrowing was wrong in itself; but to-day we realise that nearly all big businesses are run on borrowed capital. There is nothing dishonest in borrowing if one is conscientious about paying back, and I can see no objection to it.

You have unexpected visitors and want to borrow a bottle of milk from a friendly neighbour. What is wrong in that? You can return the milk next day, and the friendly neighbour will know that he can borrow from you when he's in a similar difficulty.

But the writer of the letter is suffering from his neighbours' dishonesty. A person who borrows with no intention of paying back is on a par with the burglar who raids your pantry in the night.

"I have lost my wife's love—the punishment is loneliness in my own home"

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

It has been pointed out to us that a reference in a recent article on low wages paid to juveniles at Nottingham might have been read as applying to the Nottingham factory of the Imperial Tobacco Company.

We desire to make it plain that no such reference was intended, and that, in fact, conditions and wages at the Imperial Tobacco Company's factories are much above average standards.

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YOU NEED IRON

—HERE'S THE PLEASANT WAY TO TAKE IT

WHEN you try again and again to pull yourself together; when you blame yourself for feeling so "lazy," when you live half-heartedly and are always tired, remember this: You may have a will of iron to force yourself to keep going; but it won't help you much if you have not enough iron in your blood!

Nature demands her full "Iron ration" daily. Not just in an emergency, but *daily*, in your regular diet. Any doctor will tell you that the natural organic iron in food and beverages is better for you than any medicine. But how many of us get sufficient iron in our food in the ordinary way? Not one in a hundred. That is why, for many years, doctors have recommended Keystone Burgundy with meals.

Keystone is exceptionally rich in natural organic iron—30% richer than other wines of its kind. Besides, the iron in Keystone is easily absorbed, taken eagerly by your body, and quickly put to use. It does not upset your digestion. Then again, taking iron "medicine" is one of the unpleasant things of life; but taking iron-rich Keystone is one of the pleasures!

If you are pale and listless, take Keystone as Nature's sure and pleasant remedy for iron starvation. Your doctor will approve, strongly. If you are well—make sure you keep well! Take Keystone with your meals—as so many do—as a spur to appetite, a help to digestion, and one of the pleasures of the table.

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 4s. 6d., half-flagons 2s. 3d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (8)

*it's one of Cadbury's "LUCKY 13"

YOU GET *MORE* BITES—*EVERY* ONE YOUR FAVOURITE CENTRE

CARAMELLO · COFFEE CREME · COFFEE TRUFFLE
FRUIT SUNDAE · GINGER DELIGHT
LEMON DELIGHT · MARZIPAN · MILK TRUFFLE
ORANGE CREME · PEPPERMINT CREME
TOFFEE · TURKISH DELIGHT
VANILLA CREME

If you've a sweet tooth, you'll say 13 is your luckiest number ever! Your nearest sweetshop has thirteen delicious Cadbury Filled Blocks (see the panel on the left). Each of these blocks gives you eight whole bites right into your *favourite* centre — all for 2d. When you buy a Cadbury Filled Block, you get all your favourite centre *and nothing else.* That's why sweet-tooths everywhere are saying 'Cadbury's Filled Blocks are biggest and brightest buy.' They prefer the Cadbury centres, the Cadbury milk chocolate coating, the Cadbury value for money.

Try a **FRUIT SUNDAE** *today. Three delicious fruits blended into one gorgeous centre. Orange for flavour, pineapple for freshness and cherries to thrill you! The coating is Cadbury's famous Dairy Milk chocolate. Ask for Cadbury's Fruit Sundae Block, 2 oz. 2d.*

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Only Radiation Cookers have the genuine REGULO

Until you have used a 'Regulo'-controlled oven you don't know how excellent a cook you can be. You will find the genuine 'Regulo' with the number in the triangle fitted only to the ~~Radiation~~ Cooker: so if you want better, more nourishing meals, be sure you enquire about the 'New World' at your Gas Showrooms.

FEATURES OF THE LATEST NEW WORLD

In 60 seconds from cold the 'High Speed' Grill reaches toasting heat and in 125 seconds the super-fast burner will boil one pint of water! No more fussing with matches — simply turn on tap and gas lights automatically. Enamelled splash-shield with neat rigid shelf, closes in one movement and forms a useful table top.

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Please send your free Recipe Book with 'Regulo' Marks. (½d. stamp only if envelope is unsealed).
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Pie closed with his opponent and held on for dear life

OPEN ALL NIGHT—2

Pie Porter, manager of his mother's coffee-stall on the Great West Road, shows his pluck in a tussle with dope traffickers.

By W. J. PASSINGHAM

DAWN was breaking over the Great West Road. A grey light penetrated the gloom on the heath, dimmed the street lamps in sleeping Hounslow and stole the brilliance of big lights set above Porter's luxurious coffee-stall.

A dozen motor trucks and two long, polished limousines were still standing just off the main highway near the stall—but the busiest hours for Pie Porter and his assistant had passed.

Here and there drivers were climbing into their seats, banging doors, touching self-starters—loudly bidding each other good luck and good-bye—preparing either for the last stage of a journey to London, by way of the North Circular Road, or beginning the long run westward to the coast.

Pie Porter yawned, stretched himself, lighted a cigarette, and was about to sit down for a well-earned rest when the harbinger of strange events fated to take place around and about this famous road-house came in the person of his mystified assistant.

The assistant held a large enamel ewer—one provided by Pie himself for drivers to fill their radiators with water, and kept standing on a slab of concrete beneath a water-tap at the side of the stall.

"Take a look at this, Pie," the assistant said slowly. "I just happened to glance at the old jug and found this there. The ewer was about half-filled with water, and at the bottom rested a green oilskin package about six inches square."

"Better ask the boys," Pie said, and looked over the counter to see that most of his customers were already gone.

Ten trucks and the two limousines were no longer there, and the remaining two drivers knew nothing about the oilskin packet in the ewer.

Pie Porter put it on a shelf below the counter and decided he would wait for somebody to claim it. For the next five minutes he wondered over the incident, the strange place in which the parcel had been found, and then forgot it entirely.

There were so many other matters on his mind just now, beside the business of managing the road-house. Molly Whitaker, for example.

Ever since the night she had first appeared at the coffee-stall riding a big twin-engined motor-bicycle, the image of the auburn-haired girl had never faded from his mind.

They were now engaged to be married, but Pie Porter still shrank from informing his mother of the fact.

It was not that he lacked courage and character. The world and all its complex affairs held nothing of which he was really afraid—save that tall, frigid, sombre-clad figure, owner of the road-house, who was Mrs. Amelia Porter.

ONLY the two assistants sometimes noticed the anxious, almost furtive glances Mrs. Porter made in her son's direction from time to time, and wondered at the softness, the affection in her voice when she called him "Basil"—which was the last thing Pie wanted her to do lest the customers learned the awful secret of his baptism.

This fear of his mother puzzled Molly Whitaker, for if Pie lacked anything it was certainly not courage.

She had seen him step out from behind his counter to meet trouble on several occasions when the night crowd round the stall became too noisy and restless.

The unobservant, those who overlooked his breadth of shoulder and general muscular development, had often been astounded at the sudden change in Pie Porter's appearance when trouble was afoot.

Let it suffice that lorry-drivers of all shapes and sizes, from all parts of the country—rough, tough and always ready for a show-down—rendered Pie Porter the respect that was his due.

Only Molly Whitaker wondered what manner of mother it could be who instilled such awe into a son of Pie's age and mettle, for she had yet to meet Mrs. Amelia Porter.

The latter usually visited her cherished road-house during the middle hours of the day, to examine the stores and assure herself of its continued cleanliness.

According to Mrs. Porter, men could not altogether be trusted in this last respect.

Pie Porter was at home and asleep when his mother paid her visit to the coffee-stall that day. The assistant on duty saw her alight from a taxi-cab, and at once became unnecessarily industrious.

She dominated the place from the moment of her arrival, removing her black straw hat and black coat to make a thorough investigation.

Few people noticed how the removal of her hat altered Mrs. Amelia Porter's appearance. Wearing the hat she might have been anything from a frigid schoolmistress to the matron of a Poor Law institution.

Without the hat her silver hair mellowed her appearance entirely, revealed her true nature in dark-brown, kindly eyes which served to soften a hardness about a determined jaw and compressed mouth

Years of widowhood had unfolded a hard world to her gaze, and the stern lines about that mouth were etched by the unerring hand of experience.

HER sharp eyes darted in all directions as she gazed into cupboards and along the shelves. Thus it was that she ultimately discovered a green oilskin packet on a shelf below the counter and at once made enquiries about it from the assistant.

But that young man had arrived at the coffee-stall only recently for his turn of duty, and he could tell her nothing. For some few moments she stared at the oilskin packet, and then feminine curiosity asserted itself.

She went into the storeroom at the back of the bar and carefully unwrapped the little parcel. . . .

When Pie Porter returned to the stall that same evening to take over for the night he was not surprised to learn that his mother had visited the place.

What did puzzle him, however, was the fact that she had not arrived home before he left there. For Mrs. Amelia Porter was a creature of habit, and her movements invariably followed a regular routine.

The arrival of Molly Whitaker at the coffee-stall on her big motor-bike soon drove all other thoughts from his mind, for she proved to be the bearer of disturbing news.

"Pie," she said, the moment after he had greeted her, "there's trouble about. I don't know what it is, or anything about it yet. All the same, there's trouble brewing about here."

"There always is, more or less," Pie remarked philosophically. "What's it to do with us, anyway?"

"NOW don't take this too easy," she warned him, "because I happen to know what I'm talking about. Porter's road-house has been under police observation for at least a week. There's something queer going on around here, Pie."

Pie Porter stared and shook his head. "Don't understand. We know nothing about it here."

"How many of the mobile police were hanging about here last night?" she demanded impatiently. "More or fewer than usual?"

"Now I come to think of it," he answered uneasily, "there were a few more than usual—at least, it seemed that way to me. Why?"

"And you didn't recognise Inspector Talon, I suppose?"

(Continued on page 24)

Skin Eruptions

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I WAS showing a friend of mine one of our radio sets — the standard model A72, which costs £12 . 10 — and telling him that if he preferred Press Buttons or Armchair Control, he could have them by buying the same A72 as a Press Button or Armchair Control receiver, which would, of course, cost him more. "Yes," he said, "but I can buy the SO-AND-SO for around £12 . 10 — and get Press Buttons thrown in for *nothing !*"

What I said to him I am too polite to repeat, but the gist of it was this: "Thrown in, my foot! If you choose your set by the number of features, gadgets, bits and pieces it offers you per £, you'll buy some fine packets of trouble." Manufacturers can't 'throw-in' an item like Press Buttons. If the cost doesn't show in the price of the set it is for one reason only — *something* has been taken out to make room for the buttons. It may be a cheapening of components, or of cabinet, but money has been taken from *somewhere* in the set.

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C.B.C. 171

Leave that to landlubbers, Sir!

A grave breach of conduct, my good young man, a very grave breach. It is bad enough to be told that you refer to my ship as "the ark, full of strange beasts and moving slowly on the face of the waters." But when I find you actually smoking an artificially flavoured tobacco – and in the presence of the men . . . Dammit, Sir ! there are limits. I suggest that you equip yourself forthwith with an adequate supply of Four Square. In that, at least, you can conduct yourself like an officer, and a gentleman.

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Continuing Short Story

Queer Cargo

"No. Talon wasn't here—hasn't been here for weeks."

Molly Whitaker smiled. "Well, I happen to know he was here, at your very counter, last night," she declared. "Keep your eyes open this evening for a red-painted, six-wheeled truck, and then take a long look at the driver."

"Talon?" Pie spoke incredulously. "There's nothing going on to bring him here. He's been wasting his time."

She shook her head. "The trouble is, Pie, that you just haven't time to notice what does go on. Did you notice two big cars—private cars—parked outside here last night?"

He nodded. "Of course. I know the driver of one of those cars quite well, and the two men with the other one have called here several times during the last few weeks."

Molly shrugged her shoulders. "Well, there it is," she concluded. "The police were hanging about this spot like flies last night and they're waiting for something to break, Pie. Keep your eyes open, that's all. I'm going for a quick run down the road now. Be back here in about two hours. So long!"

After Molly had gone, Pie Porter pondered deeply over all she had told him and decided to take her seriously. He had the reputation of his road-house to consider, and hoped fervently that nothing of an unsavoury nature might take place within a mile of it.

WITH the advancing night came an increasing number of customers to keep him busy, and thoughts of danger were far from his mind when the assistant approached him in whispered conversation.

"Somebody at the back door wants to see you. He says it's important."

Wondering, Pie left the counter and entered a dark storeroom, where a door leading outside stood wide open. When he switched on the light Pie saw a well-dressed stranger, and then memory served him so that he recognised one of the two men who drove a big limousine.

"You the boss around here? Maybe you've come across a small parcel somewhere—a parcel wrapped in green oilskin. You have? Good! It's mine, mister, and I'm much obliged to you for taking care. . . "

When Pie at last returned to the back door he was both mystified and empty-handed.

As he began to explain the situation Pie saw the stranger's face harden—saw, too, another man materialising from out of the shadows.

"Listen, you!' the first man hissed, "I want that little parcel and I want it now. See? Hold out on me for just one more minute and we'll bust this place wide open. Now where do we stand?"

Pie hesitated, standing very still at the door. "You must be crazy," he said in bewildered tones. "I've already told you I can't find your parcel, and. . . ."

The gun in the stranger's hand appeared there very suddenly, and Pie's voice trailed off into silence.

"We're coming right inside," the stranger said calmly. "Don't shout—or it'll be curtains for you. Get back—and let's see your hands. That's right. Close that door, Lew. We're going to have a show-down with this bird."

LEW was in the act of closing the door when Pie saw Molly Whitaker approaching on the other side of it. Their eyes met for a fraction of time—while Pie's hands were high in the air—just as the door was slammed in her face.

"Now we'll have that little parcel!"

Pie took a chance. Quick as lightning he ducked. And as he did so he knocked the gun from the stranger's hand.

He grasped him round the middle and held on for dear life. Lew was in the fight next moment.

To and fro the three slithered about in the storeroom, and as the unequal struggle continued Pie thought he could hear a familiar voice calling him—faintly, as from a distance.

"Basil! Where are you?"

The smaller man was weakening rapidly now, was in the last stages of resistance when help came in startling fashion.

Through the door leading into the bar rushed Pie Porter's assistant, followed by a number of lorry drivers.

Pie had only a confused idea of what happened after that. Somebody who looked like a lorry driver was issuing sharp orders to police patrolmen and gradually Pie realised it must be Inspector Talon. After that he became the centre of interest in the storeroom.

"All right, Pie?" Talon asked anxiously.

"O.K.," he answered huskily. "But what on earth does all this mean, Talon? Has everyone gone mad?"

"Not quite." The inspector laughed. "I forgot you're still in the dark about it all. This little spot of bother means we've cleaned up one of the cleverest dope rackets in this country."

"D—dope?" Pie stuttered.

Talon nodded. "And that's not all," he went on. "You'll scarcely believe it, but the one who put us on the right track at last was a Mrs. Amelia Porter. She came to Scotland Yard this afternoon with a packet of 'snow' worth at least a thousand pounds to the distributors."

"But how could she know it was cocaine?"

"She didn't at first," Talon answered. "Fortunately for us, she was so suspicious as to take that oilskin packet to a chemist's shop to enquire about the contents. Then she came to the police and told us how it had been discovered at Porter's road-house. Molly Whitaker has just told me the rest of the story.

"It was a clever scheme, Pie. We've got the lorry driver who brought the stuff down from Hull. He was always the first to use your big water-jug, and was followed by the London men with the big car.

"ALL the Londoners had to do was fish out the oilskin packet and clear out for town. In that way nobody could see a thing pass between them. Simple, of course, but it had the lot of us beaten for some time, and. . . ."

As Molly Whitaker appeared in the doorway Inspector Talon ceased speaking and smiled in understanding.

"See you later, Pie," he said, and went outside.

"There's blood on your face, Pie," she said softly. "Are you—all right, dear?"

They were standing close together now and Molly's arms were about her lover's shoulders when a voice spoke in shocked tones from the doorway.

"Basil! You've been fighting!"

Pie Porter looked at his mother apprehensively and nodded. "This is Molly," he explained feebly, "and—and we're engaged to be married."

"So she has already informed me," Mrs. Amelia Porter said softly. "I never dreamed you had so much good sense, son."

Not from the B.B.C.

Brace Up!

I say, you fellows, play the game!
It surely is our duty
To keep intact, 'mid stress and storm,
The sacred canons of Good Form,
For England, home and beauty!

All that the Old School holds most dear
That citizen disgraces
Who robs a widow of her mite,
Sings grey-haired-mammy songs when tight,
Or plays golf in his braces!

IF the lads of the village feel like throwing double-sixes in their singlets they have my permission.

But golf is different. I meantersay, darts is darts and goff is goff, and never the twain shall meet.

So it isn't surprising that throughout England colonels were observed gnashing their niblicks and swooning in bunkers when news came that Mr. Bernard Darwin, one of the best-known amateur golfers, had appeared on a frightfully tony course in his braces.

Not that there is any law against a golfer wearing braces, as long as they are hidden from view. But if he plays without jacket or jumper he must wear either a belt or an anxious expression, for it is rank bad form for his slacks or plus-fours to reveal visible means of support.

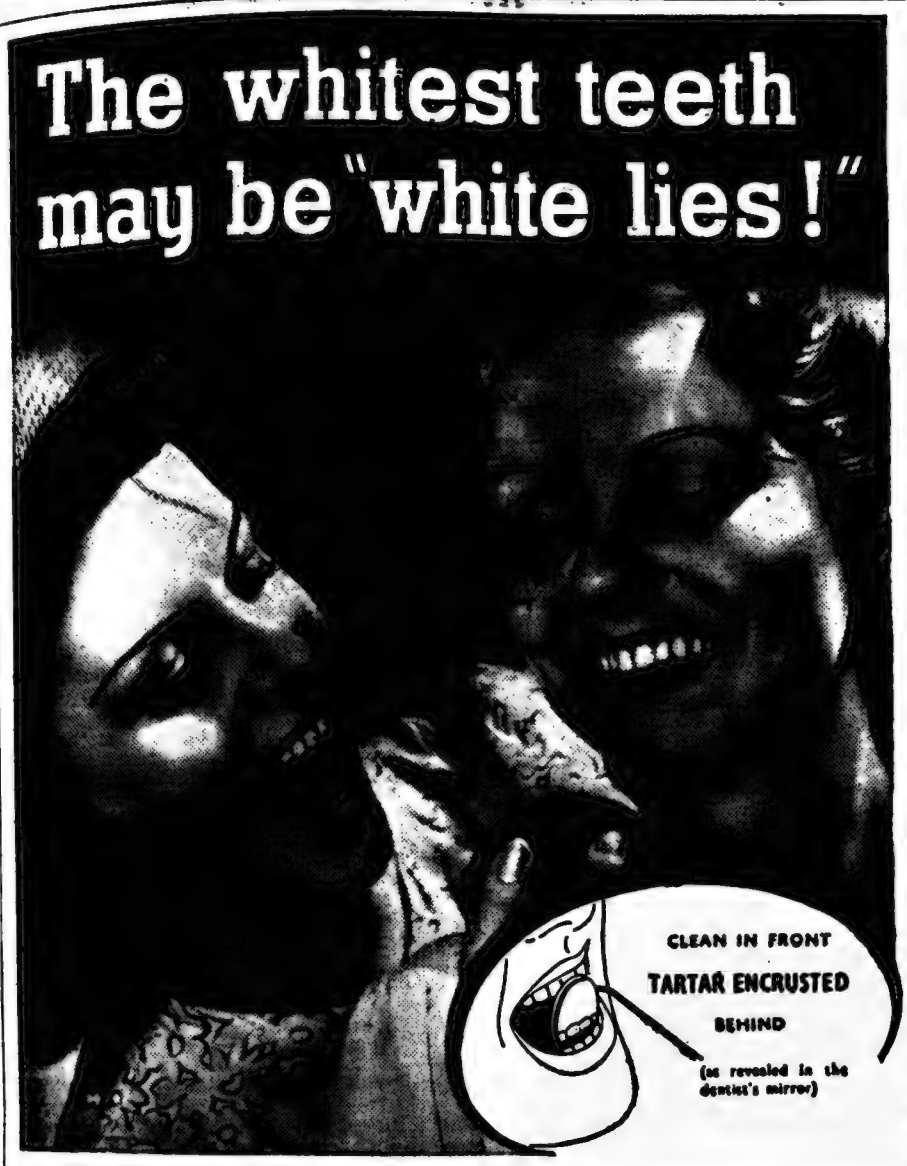
The astonishing thing is not that such rules are made, but that mankind submits to them. Especially when they relate to such a delicate subject as pants.

For nothing so quickly causes a man to acquire an inferiority complex as the feeling that his trousers are about to give way.

Any rule of etiquette which renders such a tragedy more probable should be jumped on by our rejuvenated Dora as a danger to the public *morale*.

Y. Z.

The whitest teeth may be "white lies!"



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Tranquil in a world of green shadows and cool water . . . sleepily still beneath the willows. Though so still, yet you perspire. We all do. Medical authorities tell us it's as much as 1½ pints a day.

There's nothing wrong in perspiration, but Body-Odour is unpleasant and unnecessary. When we perspire, waste matter is expelled from the system. Unless thoroughly removed, it lingers in the pores and becomes stale, causing Body-Odour.

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap prevents 'B.O.' There's a special health element in its full rich lather. This lather penetrates deep into the skin pores, dealing with all stale perspiration and waste deposits. After that you know you're safe!

There's nothing quite so refreshing and invigorating as a bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Use it regularly for the protection it gives.

About 1½ pints of perspiration are expelled from the system of the average person daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP *prevents* "B.O." (body-odour)

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LBT 430-393-65

My Lucky Dip

READER'S STORY

By F. NORMAN, 16, St. Austin's Drive, Carlton, Notts.

WE had brought a cargo of coal from South Wales and lay moored to buoys at the entrance to the Suez Canal.

All morning the clattering of winches, the chanting of native stevedores, and the stink of coal-dust rose in the air.

Eight bells, noon. The signal for the crew to knock off work and eat. But I—then a lad of eighteen—had something in mind much more exciting than that.

I was hot, dusty, and dirty. And moored not far away was the *Balcoran* with my pal Hoppy on board. In between lay the placid blue-green sea. I longed to plunge into its coolness.

The moment we stopped work I made a bee-line for the cabin I shared with another apprentice, stripped off my dungarees, and put on my bathing slips. Dinner could wait until such time as I could enjoy it without risking cramp.

On the gangway I ran into Mr. Hodges, the mate.

"Where are you off to, young shaver?" he asked.

"To the *Balcoran* over there, sir," I said pointing. "She was with us in Buenos Ayres last August. There's a mate of mine aboard I want to see."

"Humph!"

"No harm is there?"

"Personally, I don't care if I never clap eyes on you again," sneered Hodges.

I tried desperately to swim on, but I seemed hardly to move

"But as the skipper is responsible to the company for your safety and good conduct, and I am responsible to the Skipper, personal opinions must be waived."

"But surely, sir. . . ."

"Go back and get dressed."

"Have a heart," I pleaded. "I've worked like a black all the morning. What's more, I can swim like a fish. If the *Balcoran* were ten times as far away I could swim there and back."

"Ever heard of sharks?" snapped the mate.

I cocked a derisive eye at him, and said something about feeding on them before I wore long trousers. I admit it was impertinent, but I confused cheek with cleverness.

"Sharks aren't at all particular what they make a meal off," jibed the mate. "Do you want to see your mother again? Do as you're told. Go back and get dressed."

Apparently he took my obedience as a matter of course, and as his own meal was waiting he disappeared through the doorway of the saloon.

I was not going to risk using the gangway again. It was right in line with the saloon.

WHEN the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve!

I dived from the after-deck, sinking into the green water.

The skin of my face was raw with the heat. My pores were clogged with coal-dust.

The touch of the sea-water made me feel clean and refreshed. Gulping the air again, I made for the adjacent ship's bows.

Sharks! Pooh!

Old Hodges was trying to put the wind up me. He ought to have known that I wasn't such an ass as to fall for a yarn like that.

The *Balcoran* was the third ship along, and I was clinging to its gangway almost before I could realise it. There was no one about on deck except a few natives resting in the shade of the boat-deck.

My body felt light as I ran down to the apprentices' quarters.

Hoppy was there, just as I had expected.

He was having his dinner with three other apprentices.

Hoppy was delighted to see me. We talked about old times and all the fun we'd had together. We joked about the girls we'd met, the things we'd seen in half a dozen ports.

It was good to hear his voice again.

But it wasn't so good when the *Balcoran's* bos'un popped his head into the room and shouted:

"Come on, young fellow-me-lads, there's work ahead. Hullo! Who's this?"

The apparition risen from the sea didn't bother to answer.

HE made a hurried date with Hoppy and fled.

And it was quite time, for there'd be trouble if I didn't report to the bos'un by one o'clock; the mate would get to know.

And then? Well, it would be a rough passage home. Apprentices did not receive soft handling in those days. Not that the discipline did any harm, I expect.

The swim back was more tiring, but I soon slipped under the mooring hawsers of the boat next to ours.

As I glanced up I saw a little knot of figures above the gangway. They were waving to me.

They'd missed me. I was in for it now with the mate of a certainty.

But that worry was nothing to the utter despair I felt a moment later. Someone had shouted the warning:

"Sharks!"

And I saw the bodies of the giant fish flash past me.

In my terror I sank and rose again screaming. I had swallowed a lot of sea-water.

But I was still unhurt. I could beat the water madly. That might scare the creatures off.

Then I tried desperately to swim on, but I seemed hardly to move. The sharks were looking for a chance to come up behind me and seize my legs. I knew it.

They were over me when I sank and under me when I reached the surface again.

They slid through the water effortlessly and I was worn out. My limbs were numb. I was gasping for breath.

How I got to the gangway alive heaven only knows. Willing hands dragged me from the water and carried me to the deck.

I lay shivering and crying like a baby. Until Port Said had dropped below the horizon and we were on the open sea again I lay in my bunk suffering from shock.

Mr. Hodges kept away until I was feeling better. When he did come I apologised feebly for the trouble I'd caused.

"You thought you knew all about sharks, eh? Took to them like mother's milk, eh? I'll say you did.

"Sharks! They were a couple of porpoises playing with you! Never known one to hurt a man yet. But I hope it's been a lesson to you!"

It has

£5 : 5 : 0

—will be your reward if you send a reader's story which the Editor publishes. Describe one of your adventures in about 1,200 words. Write on one side of the paper only, enclose a stamped addressed envelope and be sure your facts are accurate

Secure LONG ODDS NOW for the GREAT AUTUMN DOUBLE

CAMBRIDGESHIRE & CESAREWITCH

Send Your Racing Bets to

COPES

Their Generous Terms include

NO LIMIT S.P. or TOTE RETURNS

No Limit, Win or Place, for Single Events, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Jockeys' Mounts, Owners' or Trainers' Selected—and No Limit for First Favourite Win Doubles and Trebles.

Please send particulars of your service with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ County _____

Signature (Married Lady Should Write Title) _____

DAVID COPE LTD. Electric Corner London W.C.1

STOP GREYNESS THIS EASY WAY

Why look old? Just comb through grey or faded hair with Hindes Hair Tint—and greyness goes. Hair is at once restored to its original colour and youthful lustre. Available in Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown or Black. Harmless, non-greasy or sticky and cannot be detected. Free Sample—Send 2d. and state shade required. Hindes Ltd., 5, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

HINDES Hair Tint

Price 2/6 per bottle from Hairdressers, Chemists & Stores.

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

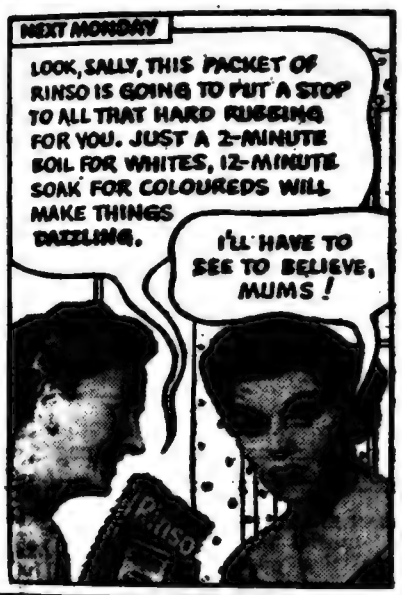
IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

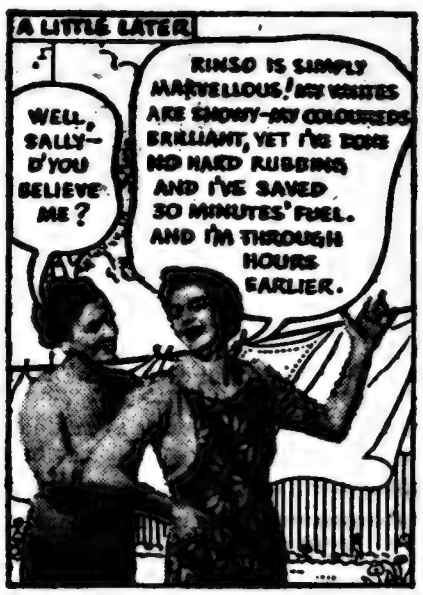
Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Bread Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

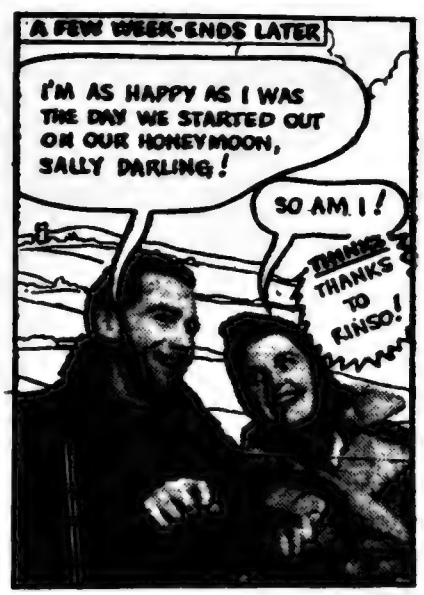
WIFE v HUSBAND

AT THE PARTY
I WISH SAM WOULDN'T GO OFF DANCING WITH OTHER GIRLS. HE SEEMS TO FORGET I'M HIS WIFE! I'M SO MISERABLE, MOTHER.
WHY, SALLY, I HEARD HIM ASK YOU THREE TIMES TO DANCE WITH HIM, AND YOU REFUSED...

BUT I JUST CAN'T GO ABOUT ALL THE TIME AS SAM EXPECTS ME TO.... THAT DREADFUL RUBBING AND SCRUBBING ON MONDAYS ON TOP OF ALL THE HOUSEWORK JUST WEARS ME OUT, MUMS.
BUT, SALLY—YOU GOOSE! I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING TO OPEN YOUR EYES...


NEXT MONDAY
LOOK, SALLY, THIS PACKET OF RINSO IS GOING TO PUT A STOP TO ALL THAT HARD RUBBING FOR YOU. JUST A 2-MINUTE BOIL FOR WHITES, 12-MINUTE SOAK FOR COLOUREDS WILL MAKE THINGS DAZZLING.
I'LL HAVE TO SEE TO BELIEVE, MUMS!
Rinso


A LITTLE LATER
WELL, SALLY—D'YOU BELIEVE ME?
RINSO IS SIMPLY MARVELLOUS! MY WHITES ARE SNOWY—MY COLOUREDS BRILLIANT, YET I'VE DONE NO HARD RUBBING AND I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL. AND I'M THROUGH HOURS EARLIER.



QUICK, EASY WASHING METHODS GIVE GRAND RESULTS

WOMEN used to find it took all Monday to get the clothes clean.

And no wonder! For first the clothes had to be soaked, then scrubbed, and finally boiled for 30 or 40 minutes. But that back-breaking drudgery is over!

Now all you have to do is give whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Don't do any hard rubbing. Just damp any extra-dirty places first and smooth in a little dry Rinso, before putting the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. Then, just 2 minutes at the boil, and they'll be white as snow!

For dazzling coloureds, put the clothes into hand-hot Rinso suds and let them soak for 12 minutes. They'll come out beautifully fresh without any hard rubbing at all!

Woollies and fine things should be put through cool Rinso suds—for Rinso is utterly safe for even the most delicate fabrics. Change now to the wonderful new Rinso way to wash. It transforms washday. Yet Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d. and 1/- the packet.

RINSO

2790-663-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

FREE TO ALL WHO SUFFER FROM SKIN TROUBLE

Because we know how quickly and surely D.D.D. Prescription will overcome even the most serious forms of skin trouble, we offer to send to all who apply a free trial bottle. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a clear liquid with wonderful antiseptic soothing and healing qualities. Invaluable in all cases of eczema, dermatitis, psoriasis ulcers, bad legs, sore patches, spots, pimples, cuts or scratches. Keep D.D.D. Prescription in the home. It is a safeguard with a host of uses. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE A test supply of D.D.D. Prescription will be forwarded to all who send name and address on a postcard (1d. stamp) to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.9), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of disputes the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

YOU could be the CENTRE of HAPPY FRIENDS

Hundreds of Women & Girls and Men too—have found a

NEW INTEREST IN LIFE!

THEY were like so many of us nowadays—tired of the daily round of routine work—plenty of spare time, but no thrills in it—longing for a **WIDER LIFE!**

They found it! More and more friends, happy social meetings; the joy of organising things, of spare-time hours spent in pleasant, interesting occupation. And they found their friends looking up to them, as *the "Leader" who does things.*

All this, through being Organisers of Littlewood 1/- Clubs. Wouldn't YOU like it? Couldn't you do the same? If you think you could run a Club of 10 to 20 Members, send Coupon for full particulars; details of the **GOOD SPARE-TIME INCOME** we pay for doing it; and the Littlewood Wonder Catalogue, **FREE.**

INVITATION COUPON

I should like to try my hand at running a Littlewood Club. Please send me, FREE, your 250-page Catalogue; details of Commission and Bonuses; and Complete Club Outfit. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Name (in full).....
JB/21/MR (State Mr., Mrs., or Miss and write in BLOCK LETTERS)

Address.....

Town..... *County*.....

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Littlewood 1/- Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

Littlewood 1/- Clubs

(Littlewoods Mail Order Stores Ltd., Directors: John Moores, Cecil Moores)

ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

Why suffer from these troubles—

All chemists sell **POTTER'S**

Instant Relief

It is the one remedy that will give you Instant Relief—make your days enjoyable as before and ensure restful and refreshing sleep at night. This is no exaggeration but a definite fact to which hundreds of thousands of grateful users of Potter's Asthma Cure bear testimony. Free from opiates and does not affect the heart or general health in any way. It is just as good for Catarrh, Hay Fever and lung and chest troubles and is invaluable for children suffering from Whooping Cough or Croup. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free at 1/9. Every sufferer should fill in coupon for BOOKLET.

To Potter & Clarke Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1

Please send me, post free, your booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Name.....

Address.....

JohnBull

Before buying your Radio—

Read about the Latest BUSH BUTTON RADIO!

Turn to page 4 for full particulars of the new and latest Bush Button-tuning Radio Receivers. The Models illustrated are the Console and Table 5-valve All-Wave Superhets for A.C. mains operation. Seven Press-Button give choice of stations. They can be obtained on popular payment terms. Turn to page 4 now.

EXTRA WEEK TO WIN
'JOHN BULL'S' GIANT X-WORD

Owing to interference with normal services and activities due to the international situation, Crossword Offer No. 168 has been extended for one week—new closing postmark, Friday, September 15. If you entered on coupons provided in last week's issue, give yourself an extra opportunity of success by using coupon from these pages.

ACROSS CLUES

1. It's occasionally difficult to get these on the phone
3. Trainers might possibly advise their men to have one on very cold day
5. Anger
9. There are many cases in which sack could be called this
11. Too strong for some people's taste
16. One could understand poor old farmer grumbling a bit if he had to work in
18. Price of beer may be partly due to imposition of this
19. Crack shot might do quite well in shooting one
22. Maintain
23. Often most unsuitable to choose for a dinner
24. People occasionally go on holiday tour in this

DOWN CLUES

1. Construction may be altered when this is added
2. Metal in forest
4. Is often blown down by strong wind
6. Look out for trouble when one flies off the handle
7. It's sad to learn that poor waif hasn't one
8. A bad one often means irreparable damage to tyre
10. Is not much good unless it fits case well
12. Tramp is not likely to be given very big one
13. Heavy smoker thinks nothing of quickly getting through
14. Great one may well have many associations with ships and the sea
15. You will probably notice dishonest features if you carefully examine cunning swindler's
17. This of famous painting will interest art buyer at auction sale
20. Where one takes the waters
21. One at cards will teach beginner a lot about the way to play

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, September 15, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, September 16.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, September 28. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, October 3, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,750 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

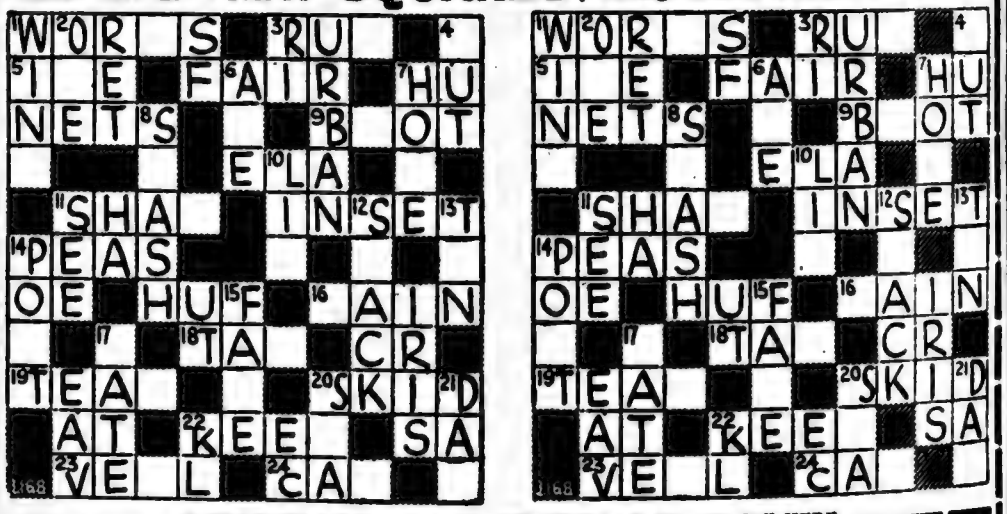
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

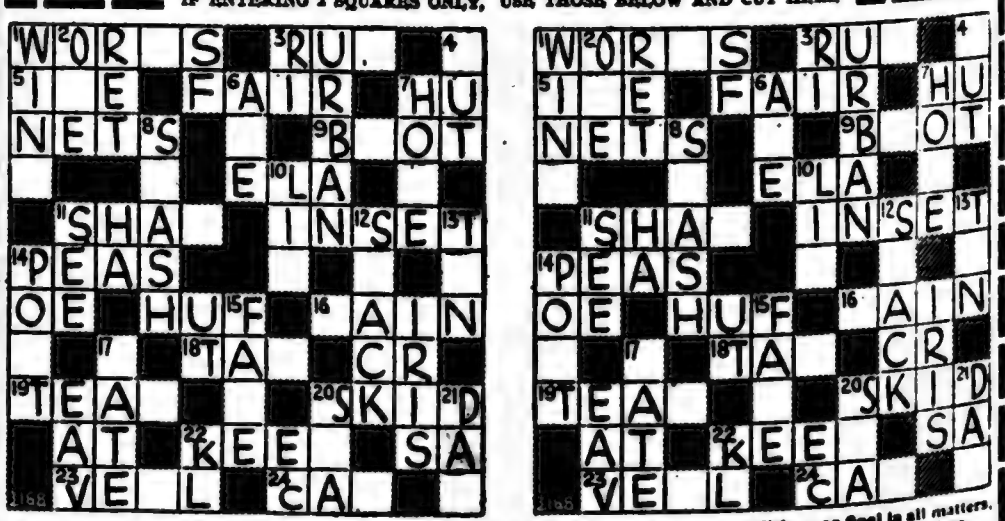
NEW Closing Postmark—FRI., SEPT. 15

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

TRY THESE **BIG NEW SQUARES** | "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 168. Closing Postmark—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.



IF ENTERING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d.

4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

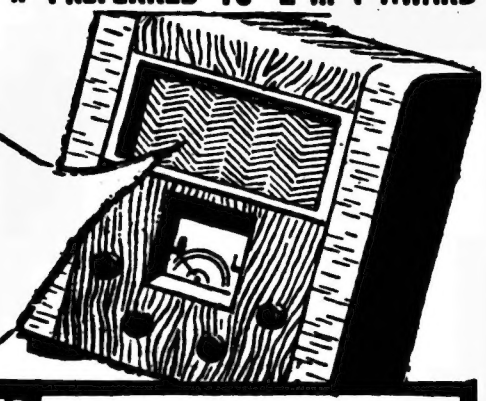
Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

..... J.B. Crossword No. 168

£1,750 CASH

IF PREFERRED TO 2-in-1 AWARD



£300 in CASH and RADIO PRIZES for RUNNERS-UP

Type of Radios and amount of Cash making up this £300 award to be decided according to number of Runners-up.

UNLIMITED £5 CASH BONUSES — One to EVERY Cash Winner in this Crossword No. 168 who wins any Cash Prize in following Contest No. 169 - ENTER NEXT WEEK, TOO!

BONUS AWARD value £2 — to each Runner-up who submitted 4 or more 6d. ENTRIES (including 2 FREE) or equivalent "Time-Save" Entry

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross /& Co./. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 168, and *Bullets* No. 1,187, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner. Closing *postmark* of Saturday, Sept. 16, allowed for such combined entries.

FREE "BULLETS" COUPON WITH ENTRY OF ONLY 1s.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer, ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Address envelope as above for such combined Entries.

APPLY QUICKLY IF YOU NEED EXTRA SQUARES

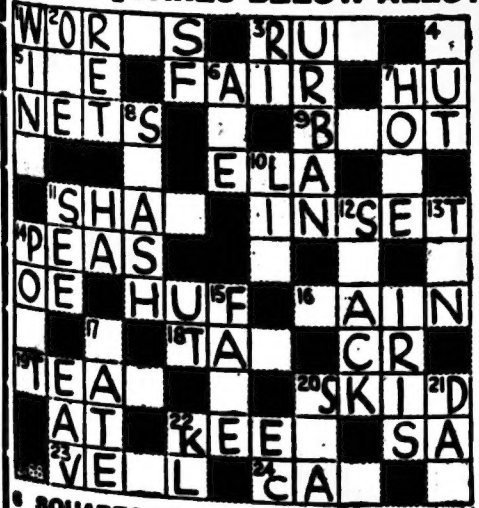
For this Special Contest only you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in the same envelope. Other squares appeared last week; for additional supply send at once a penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 168, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

EXTRA 4 SQUARES—Including 2 FREE | "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 168.

FREE SQUARES BELOW ALLOWED WITH ENTRY VALUE 1s. 6d.



6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

..... J.B. Crossword No. 168

6 Big Cheques Won in X-word No. 167

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 167, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following six competitors:—

H. AINSCOW, Beechgrove, Hollinhurst, Radcliffe, Manchester.
A. J. KELM, 61, Grand Parade, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
C. SAGGERS, Spilsby, Lincs.
G. SIMPSON, 35, Leith Street, Edinburgh, 1.
J. SMITH, 122, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, 8.
R. D. TOMKINS, 2, Benfield Street, Heywood, Lancs.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £400, and a cheque for £66 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 12, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 111 Competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 18s. 1d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

£5 Holiday Cheques will be sent to every cash winner in Contest No. 167 who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 168.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 546 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. RUGS. 2. PAGE. 4. STOOP. 7. TRADE. 8. POET. 12. LOW. 13. CUBS. 17. TALE. 19. ACID. 20. PASTE. 21. HIM.

DOWN.—1. RUCK. 2. PORT. 3. PEN. 5. RIPE. 6. ROAM. 9. TACK. 10. SWORD. 11. PUNT. 14. SLASH. 15. HENS. 16. FILM or FIRM. 18. POE.

WINNING SQUARE

J.B.167.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point FILM and FIRM were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

CROSSWORD No. 168. TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON these pages is presented the 168th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, September 28, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Bonus Coupon below. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the lump sum of £1,750 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

CUT ROUND HERE

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE WITH ENTRY THIS

RESERVATION COUPON

Affix 1½d. Stamp here.

Affix 1½d. Stamp here.

By enclosing this Reservation Coupon with X-word No. 168 entry, you automatically qualify to receive with any prize won a SUPERB 26-piece Combination TEA and FRUIT SET as a BONUS PRESENTATION—or X-word Season Ticket value £2, as preferred.

Please register me for SIX WEEKS' supply, or extension of supply, of the BLOT-PROOF "CROSSWORD GAZETTE"—also for the BONUS AWARD as offered above. I enclose my entry for X-word No. 168 and have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this Coupon for postage.

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If, as a regular reader of the "Gazette," you are applying for extension, mark X here ☐

SCALDED HER ARM

From Wrist to Elbow!

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

HEALED IT AND LEFT NO SCAR!

Dear Sirs, *St. Peter Port.*

Some time ago father had a septic foot, mother dressed it regularly with *Germolene*, and thanks to this, no hospital treatment was necessary.

Once I scalded my arm very badly, causing blisters from wrist to elbow. Here again, *Germolene* was used liberally. The skin healed up beautifully and did not leave a scar.

Again, my father had five carbuncles at the back of his neck, compelling him to leave off work for some time. *Germolene* again came to the rescue with its healing powers.

Yours faithfully, Miss L.M.B.

MAGIC HEALING

Day by day more and more people experience the 'magic' healing power of *Germolene*. If YOU are suffering from

ECZEMA, BAD LEG, PIMPLES, WOUNDS, ABSCESSES, RASH,

get a tin of *Germolene* TO-DAY!

6d., 1/3 & 3/- Per Tin

Hospital Size 12/-

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Danger of neglecting INDIGESTION

Those who leave indigestion to "cure itself" run a grave risk. Early attacks may pass off, but a day comes when the cruel pain persists. Then the sufferer may find himself a victim of chronic gastritis, or dreaded stomach ulcer.

If you have attacks of indigestion, burning pain, flatulence or sluggishness, the wise plan is to take a course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. This famous powder quickly neutralises surplus stomach acid, leaving your stomach sweet and clean and all discomfort gone. If your stomach is inflamed the powder protects it and helps it to heal. Hundreds of sufferers have been saved from pain by this wonderful soothing action. Don't neglect your indigestion for a day longer. Call on your chemist for a bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Powder or Tablets. New slide-top pocket tin (50 tablets) 1/3; also 6d. tin (15 tablets).

FILM STARS' SECRET OUT

Film Stars, of all people, must have teeth of faultless colour and you can be sure that only the best and safest whitener obtainable will satisfy their needs. What is their secret? Do the stars use a toothpaste beyond the reach of ordinary folk? No! Thousands have discovered the amazing whitening powers of a new type toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Phillips' Dental Magnesia makes teeth so dazzling white because it contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' This instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids and so abolishes the main cause of tartar and decay. Immaculate teeth are a precious asset. Try Phillips' Dental Magnesia and you will soon learn why so many stage and screen stars use no other dentifrice. Sold everywhere 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

The Kid by Lees

MRS. H. (London, W.).—"I feel awfully sympathetic towards the newsvendors on cold nights. They must be terribly chilled and uncomfortable." Oh, no; selling newspapers keeps up the circulation.

J. J. (Moseley).—"What is the meaning of the three balls in front of a pawnbroker's shop?" Two to one the goods won't be redeemed.

G. D. (Wrexham).—"My wife spends from three to four hours preparing my dinner." Perhaps she needs a new tin opener.

N. P. (Honiton).—"Time is an important factor in boxing. Every second counts." We always thought it was the referee.

B. S. (Cheltenham).—"I want no more of the villa with a name: I want to live where I have a number." See the nearest recruiting sergeant.

NURSE (Rotherham).—"One look and I could see my patient was much more like himself." Was he blowing the froth off his medicine?

H. J. (Croydon).—"When I have an argument with the wife it is really a battle of brains." But surely you have a weapon of some sort?

FLOSSIE (Maidstone).—"My boy is rather a poor car-driver. I wish he was more skilled." Is he the sort of chap who requires two hands to steer?

C. K. (Angmering).—"Finally, this letter needs a reply of one word only. If you will let me have it, I will never write again." Promise?

F. N. (Oundle).—"I told her I couldn't marry her and she just said, 'Good night. See you later.'" Are you sure it wasn't *sue* you later?

R. G. (South Coast).—"I should be very interested to find out why some men have suddenly started dragging a near-by river." You want to know what's at the bottom of it?

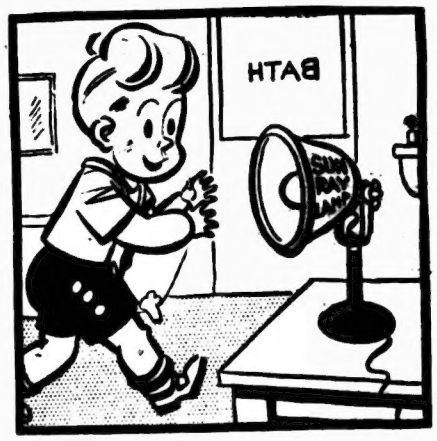
F. E. (Willesden).—"When I complained about it to the exchange the operator asked if there was anything wrong with my dial." And was there?

MRS. L. (Bicester).—"My husband believes in confiding his business troubles to me." See letter below.

MR. L. (Bicester).—"Whenever my wife asks for a new dress I have to concoct some story about business being bad." See letter above.

MRS. A. (Devonport).—"I advertised for a woman to do plain cooking, but the one who applied had no experience in that line." Just fancy!

The Last Laugh



F. J. (Wimbledon).—"I always say that two heads are better than one." Ever had a hang-over?

BESS (Lincoln).—"Please tell me what actually is love." The delusion that one woman differs from another.

D. A. (Ayr).—"What do you do with your spare cash . . . back horses?" No; buy petrol and get a run for our money.

MRS. P. (Streatham).—"My husband is the only man who has ever kissed me." Are you boasting or complaining?

MRS. S. L. (Fareham).—"As I was looking out of a front window, what do you think I saw the woman opposite doing?" Looking out of her window at you?

P. D. (Exeter).—"I used to be a big game hunter, but Fate has played a strange trick on me." What are you now—a traveller in insect powder?

MRS. S. G. (Acton).—"My daughter is impossible. She's got engaged to a fellow who earns nothing, knows nothing, and is nothing. What do you think of it?" Nothing.

AMATEUR (Sutton).—"I can show you things in my tiny back garden which you'd never see in the gardens cultivated by professionals." Bottles and old sardine tins?

P. S. (Pershore).—"The concern I own is quite a good one which I hope will eventually belong to my son, but all he does is to walk round behind me all day." Well, you want him to follow you in the business.

C. V. (Manchester).—"Do you believe in clubs for women?" Well, you might try kindness first.

EVE (Buralem).—"He asked me if 'No' was definitely my last word." And you said "Yes"?

E. L. (Rhyl).—"When my neighbour's son said his father wanted to borrow my corkscrew I sent the boy away." And took it in yourself?

ARCHIE (Hampstead).—"I would like to give my young lady a real surprise for her birthday." Why not tell her what your salary really is?

MRS. V. (Aston).—"I told my husband that the beauty of the house we were viewing left me speechless." So he promptly bought it?

P. W. (Charing).—"I have a fine collection of books but not enough shelves to put them on." No one seems to lend shelves, do they?

H. R. (Norwich).—"Perhaps you would tell me how, in golfing, one should address the ball." Do you mean before it is hit, or after it is lost?

S. B. (Leigh).—"What do you do with your cast-off clothing?" Leave it on a chair until the morning.

D. P. (Yarmouth).—"My boss tried to tell me that I had no right to have my hair cut in his time." And you pointed out to him that it grew in his time?

G. B. (Ryde).—"Do you think a man should allow a woman to make advances to him?" It just depends on whether he badly needs the money.

C. M. (Yarmouth).—"I gave a dancing display on the beach this morning which seemed to be much appreciated by the visitors." With a crab as partner?

L. R. (Roehampton).—"I'm sure there is no place like home." Has something unpleasant happened at the club?

F. G. (Merton).—"When I asked the girl to marry me, she said nothing." It isn't easy to speak and laugh at the same time.

What is it you wish to know? Are Competitions your interest, and do you require information in this connection? This, or any other subject, can be dealt with by one of our experts. Any query you may care to send us will be handled competently.
Send your enquiry with a stamped, addressed envelope to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You may bea ssured that prompt attention will be given to it.
The replies on this page deal with humorous letters from readers. They are for your entertainment.

"BULLETS" 1,184 RESULT

(*Continued from page 31*)

£3: Mrs. J. T. PATERSON, 219, Muiryhall Street, Coatbridge.
In Spite Of Provocation—Britain "Provokingly" Calm.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

R. P. CARTER, 29b, West End, Witney, Oxon.
Man In The Gutter—His "Bilious," Poverty's "Barrage."
(Entered on Prize coupon)

E. DUKINFIELD, 94, Styal Road, Gatley, Cheshire.
Man In The Gutter—Hawker in Limousine, Importer.
(Entered on Prize coupon)

Mrs. EVERSFIELD, 14, Delamere Crescent, Paddington, London, W.
Hitler And Co.—Offer Peace—"Silly" Buyers!

F. EWINS, 41, Queens Road, Knowle, Bristol.
Shock For Tommy—Father Was Sergeant's Sergeant!
(Entered on Prize coupon)

R. I. FAIRFAX, 194, Llantarnam Road, Cwmbran, Mon.
Looking The Other Way—Returning Jury—Prisoner's "Facer."
(Entered on Prize coupon)

Mrs. A. McNicol, 50, Greenwood Road, Clarkston, Glasgow.
When Auntie Tried Golf—Glenco's Looked Like Bannockburn!

G. RIMMINGTON, 13, Silverdale Road, Basford, Nottingham.
Back To Prosperity—Like Sliding Downhill!
(Entered on Prize coupon)

A. SPENCE, 120, Nairne Street, Burnley.
Hitler And Co.—Their "Roaring" Business" Profitless.
(Entered on Prize coupon)

Mrs. A. W. WOOD, 57, Hercus Loan, Musselburgh, Midlothian.
Farmer's Side-line—Teas—With Condensed Milk!
(Entered on Prize coupon)

E. WORTLEY, Lydgate, Shepley, nr. Huddersfield.
Bad For Tommy—"Here's Penny—Be Good!"

List of 50 winners of 12s. 6d. and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

20/- WEEKLY for LIFE

1ST PRIZE – OR £250 CASH IF PREFERRED

"Bullets" 1st Prize by Wire FRIDAY SEPT. 29

And CELEBRATION WEEK-END FOR TWO

2ND PRIZE £25 CASH and CELEBRATION WEEK-END for TWO

3RD PRIZE £10 CASH AND CELEBRATION WEEK-END FOR TWO

ONE MORE WEEK TO ENTER

OWING to interference with normal services and activities due to the international situation, this Life Pension Offer has been extended for one final week.

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how to construct a successful effort. When she first noticed the *Example*, RUSHING FOR SHELTER, a Liverpool woman thought of A.R.P. When she read later about the anniversary of Bleriot flying the Channel, she reflected how that achievement had led, years later, to the need for A.R.P. shelters. This idea she produced in the simple and telling £25 *Bullet*, RUSHING FOR SHELTER—BECAUSE BLERIOT BRAVED ELEMENTS.

Study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,184th Contest on this page. Then turn to the *Examples*, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, September 16.

'BULLETS' 1,184 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300:
W. E. HAWES, 34, Belle Vue Road, Ipswich.
Example: BACK TO PLUM
Bullet: AND APPLE—VERSAILLES "FRUITS"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £25:
W. F. WILLIAMS, 76, Vicarage Road, West Bromwich, Staffs.
Example: Salt Of The Earth
Bullet: Missus—"Pillar" Throughout "Pinch."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:
Mrs. E. HORSLEY, 11, Orwell Road, Bolton, Lancs.
Example: Hitler And Co.
Bullet: "Showmen" Upsetting "Fair Folk."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:
£9: Miss E. WEST, 139, Chester Street, Blackburn, Lancs
Cultivation Of The Earth—By Mars, *Makes* "Deserts."
£8: J. J. DAVIES, 36, Wordsworth Street, Liverpool.
When I Die—Hope "Hats Off" Merited!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)
£7: W. PHILPOTT, 24, Vines Avenue, Church End, Finchley, London, N.
Sick And Sorry—World—"Sorry" Sounds Hopeful.
£6: Miss E. HALL, 3, Eden Terrace, Washington, Co. Durham.
In Spite Of Starvation—He Nearly "Eats" Agitator.
£5: C. V. EVANS, 1, Stroud Gate, S. Harrow.
The Sergeant Groaned And—Another "Torrent" Flooded Camp!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)
£4: Miss E. APTHORPE, 9, Vicarage Road, Hastings.
Fruits Of The Earth—Disputed, *Stealing* Our Boys.

(Continued on page 30)

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S TEAM
VOTES
DAD TRIED POOLS, BUT
ACCORDING TO THE PROPHETS
STRONGER THAN EVER
SHE SAID "YES", SO
SURPRISE FOR THE FIREMAN
TOUGH CUSTOMER
SANDY PAID AND
HOPES AND FEARS
ON TOP
BABY SMILED AND
SPOILT THE BLACK-OUT
ON MONDAY MORNING
JOB FOR EPSTEIN
INHUMAN
LESSON FOR FATHER
DOWN CAME OUR M.P. AND
DOCTOR GOEBBELS
AFRAID OF THE FUTURE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

DAWN OF .....
UNTIL ..... COMES
..... OF EMPIRE
GERMANY'S .....
WAY TO .....
RICH MAN'S .....

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

MANY OTHER AWARDS

£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4
£3	10 of £2·10	

25 OF 10/-

200 SURPRISE AWARDS value 5/-

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES

100 Thrills AWAIT "JOHN BULL'S" 6 GUESTS

First, Second and Third Prizewinners this week will be invited to enjoy with a companion a glorious Week-end at "John Bull's" expense. Your Week-end Prize, which may be taken in London, at the Seaside, or wherever you wish, will comprise all Fares, Hotel Accommodation and Entertainment for Two.

GO WHERE YOU LIKE WHEN YOU LIKE—FREE!

ONE FINAL WEEK!
CLOSING POSTMARK
SAT., SEPT. 16

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,187, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,187) | Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 16.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,187) | Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 16.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,187) | Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 16.

Signed .....
Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or Prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,187, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,187 and Crossword No. 168, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, September 16.

RULES.—1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

"I CAN PROVE ALL I HAVE WRITTEN HERE"

Until a Few Weeks Ago, I Suffered from

DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, A DULL HEAVY FEELING ALL DAY LONG, FLATULENCE, AND I ALWAYS HAD A COLD

My Health Has Improved All Round

THANKS TO

YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic Tablets

Here indeed is a message of hope for all who suffer. Read the dramatic tribute below to the Wonder Tonic, YEAST-VITE.

Dear Sirs, Manchester.

Thanks for Yeast-Vite, it is a wonderful medicine.

Until a few weeks ago I suffered from Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, a dull heavy feeling all day long, Flatulence, and I always had a cold. These, together with smoking cigarettes heavily, made me feel a wreck.

Now all the above illness has been removed after only one month's treatment with Yeast-Vite.

My nerves are steady, my desire for smoking heavily has gone and my stomach feels grand. Colds are no more.

My health has improved all round thanks to Yeast-Vite.

I can prove all that I have written here so if you wish to use this letter for the benefit of others to read of Yeast-Vite you may do so.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. Burrows.

Mr. J. Burrows

A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT IN EVERY WAY

Writes Nurse

Dear Sirs, Thornton.

I am writing to say how very grateful I am that I tried "Yeast-Vite." I have had a very strenuous time nursing in hospital, and on completion of my training my health broke down. I was a victim of Nervous Debility and tried various remedies without success. I got very depressed and lost weight rapidly. Since taking one bottle of Yeast-Vite I feel a wonderful improvement in every way. I sleep and eat better and depression has vanished. I really cannot thank you enough. I will always recommend Yeast-Vite to all my patients and I would be grateful if you would send me a sample for a patient who is suffering from Rheumatism and Gastritis.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Nurse R.

9 YEARS' SUFFERING EASED IN A DAY

"A New Woman at 61"

Dear Sirs, Deal.

Reading your advt. one day, when in great pain with Gastric Ulcers, I sent my husband to get a bottle of "Yeast-Vite" to try.

When I tell you I had just got to that stage when I had given up all hope, after having X-ray treatment, and having been ill for 9 years, you cannot wonder I felt down. I was always being doubled up in pain, sometimes I could not even walk, so feel I must thank you for your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" tablets. After taking one day's tablets the pain began to ease, and now I am thankful to say I have not a pain, and I feel a new woman. My age is 61.

I told my neighbour about them, she suffers with sleeplessness, and they have also done her good. I shall certainly never be without them now, and I shall be only too pleased to advise anyone who tells me they are suffering to try "Yeast-Vite."

Sincerely Yours,
M. S.

Rheumatism and Disordered Stomach

Dear Sirs, Deptford.

I am writing to tell you how your Yeast-Vite has done me good. I have been suffering from Rheumatism and disordered stomach, and I find they are a wonderful remedy, also they have given me back my appetite that I had lost.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Mrs. M.

"ALL MY FRIENDS WERE AMAZED AT MY RECOVERY"

Dear Sirs, Hove.

I am writing a few lines in praise of Yeast-Vite.

Some time ago I had a very severe breakdown with its attendant miseries.

I noticed your advert. and decided to give Yeast-Vite a trial.

All my friends were amazed at my recovery. I am a different person, no longer afraid to be left alone, or afraid to go out. In fact I am able to do most of my own housework.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mrs. B.

"I was Terribly Run-down"

Northumberland.

Dear Sirs,

I have very great pleasure in writing to tell you of the wonderful tonic properties of your Yeast-Vite Tablets. I was terribly run-down, and had tried medicines galore, but nothing has done me more good than your valuable Tablets. I can recommend them to anyone who is ailing and run down.

I am, Dear Sirs,
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mr. G. S.

WAR NURSE'S BREAKDOWN

Dear Sirs, Ilford.

As a Nursing Sister in private practice, I recommend Yeast-Vite Tablets to my patients when a tonic is needed.

I was on active service at home and abroad through the Great War (1914-1918.) On being demobilised my health broke down for a long period—I was told to try your Tablets, which I did—with the result my health became normal again, especially my nervous system, and I still take them daily and enjoy life.

With renewed thanks,
Yours faithfully,
(Sister) B. (S.R.N.)

Nurse's Good Deeds

Dear Sirs, Oxford.

Having such faith in your Yeast-Vite I gave some to a girl with a bad cold she couldn't shake off. A few days later it had vanished.

Six weeks ago I gave some to a friend on the verge of a breakdown whose life is very strenuous. Yesterday she said: **"I still go on with your Yeast-Vite, they are my hope in keeping well. What should I have done if you had not introduced them?"**

Yours faithfully & gratefully,
(Nurse) R.

BILIOUSNESS AND LIVER ATTACKS —Now Quite Better

Norwood,
3.7.39.

Dear Sirs,

Lately I have been suffering from Biliousness and Liver attacks, and after having taken your Yeast-Vite Tablets I am pleased to say that I feel very much better. The results were marvellous.

I shall certainly recommend them to my friends and anybody I am likely to meet who has suffered as I have.

Thanking you,
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. M.

"PLEASE USE THIS LETTER TO LET OTHER POOR SUFFERERS KNOW HOW THEY CAN FIND RELIEF"

Birmingham,
19.7.39.

Dear Sirs,

I would like to tell you how much I owe to your Yeast-Vite Tablets. Six months ago I was forced to finish nursing my baby because I was suffering from anæmia and nerves, my chemist recommended Yeast-Vite and after taking only a few I felt better. Now after six months I am in splendid health and can hardly realise there was a time (before Yeast-Vite came on the scene) when I was so ill, but thanks to them I am now A1.

Please use this letter to let other poor sufferers know how they can find relief and regain their health.

I am, Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mrs. P.

OUR OFFER

Why not try Yeast-Vite yourself? If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded. YEAST-VITE sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

F.12 J.B.L.88 75*

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